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10 April 1850

THE NARRATIVE

OF

EDWARD CREWE;

OR,

Life in New Zealand.

By W. M. B.

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MY PREFACE.

In the course of an eventful and active life, during a long residence at the Antipodes, it had often been my lot or necessity to turn my hand to very many occupations and callings (I can assure my readers that a list thereof would nearly equal the ubiquitous handicraftism of a Jonathan-of-all-trades); and since my return to England, finding myself with "nothing to do," I determined to add that of an author to the number. I have been much encouraged thereto by seeing the thousands upon thousands of unsalable and unreadable volumes cumbering the shelves of our great circulating libraries; and being animated by the laudable ambition of knowing that 'The Narrative of Mr. Edward Crewe' would be carried forth on loan by dainty ladies issuing from the above mentioned repositories of books, the rest appeared easy. Like Sinbad, my hero should tell the story of his many voyages, and, also after the manner of that

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veracious traveller, he should not relate all his adventures at one sitting.

Mr. Edward Crewe was at the Antipodes eighteen years, and then in——ah! well, I shall begin with New Zealand, and if my readers want to hear of other lands where he made a home, why they must say so. One word more. Those running down the range of life may not see any fun in half-savage life, or care to listen to the adventures of one who was himself half a savage. The autocrats of the opinions of the future (the rising generation) will possibly be more indulgent: to them I dedicate the following pages.

W. M. B.

York,
April, 1874.

THE NARRATIVE

OF

EDWARD CREWE.

CHAPTER I.

"Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn them."

The Tempest.

THAT most egotistical old Florentine, Benvenuto Cellini, commences his admirable autobiography by observing that a man at forty or thereabouts, if he has seen anything remarkable in his voyage through life, would then be most fitted to relate his experiences, being, in fact, neither too old nor yet too young. Without for one moment comparing myself in any way with that illustrious artist, I think I may venture to take the above "leaf out of his book."

I wish, before I get fairly started, to impress upon my reader the perfect veracity of this my narration; for, to my mind, half the pleasure to be got out of a

book—a novel, or even a fairy tale—is to believe every word of it if you can. Certainly, in these times it is difficult to know what truth is, more so, I fancy, than when Pilate asked what it was, for the thousand and one things that our ancestors thought to be incontrovertible are now in the nineteenth century considered to be mere moonshine.

I like to be exact as to matters of detail at the beginning of my story, and also have a kind of prejudice in favour of birthdays, easy to remember, as, for example, May 7th, which is a date easily borne in mind. Notice the designation of the month —M-a-y—only a monosyllable. You will perceive also that there is but one numeral to mark the day, namely, 7! a number quite famous. Why, it would not take so very clever a fellow to write a book upon the fortunate symbol, whereas some persons' birthdays are notoriously hard to remember. They may not, I will admit, forget their own natal day, but who of all their dear relations, barring their mother, would ever have a little present ready as the day came round.

On this subject John Chinaman is far in advance of Europeans. Taking care to avail themselves of lucky days on their way through life, and even after

death, their friends will keep the body above ground until a propitious day turns up.

It was my fortune to be born with a pedigree, that is, the "Crewes" could trace their ancestry back through many generations of esquires who had rusted out their quiet lives on a certain estate not far from York, near enough indeed to that ancient city to hear the Minster clock strike the hour on a very still day. About two hundred years since, however, one of the family was knighted for great services to the state, and was member of Parliament for York. In his day the "Habeas Corpus" and many other acts of importance were passed, and it is recorded of him that, as an advanced and liberal thinker, he had much to say from his place in Parliament on the great subjects of those times. I am a believer in "birth" and have a proper pride in having sprung, myself, from a good old stock. In my opinion, to be well born in these our times is something so remarkable, when the greater portion of gentlemen have no knowledge of who was their great-grandfather, that it is right to regard "blood" for its rarity with all the respect which is due to something which cannot be bought.

My brothers and myself, as we became old enough,

were sent first to a private school and afterwards to Rugby. At the latter seat of learning we acquired —first, truthfulness, ever scorning to tell a lie; secondly, the ways of gentlemen; and lastly, a skilful acquaintance with the noble games of cricket and football. Some boys learned their lessons, but I rarely did so, and suffered frequently in consequence. I have never thought my school days the happiest portion of my life, as many people assert theirs were. The constant dread of being "floored" and the after disagreeable results of "lines" to write or learn, kept me always in an unenviable state of mind; even when at cricket the phantom of the next day's lessons would be "an inseparable." I was like those unfortunates afflicted with a hopeless chronic malady, who never, even in their most hilarious moments, forget its fatal presence.

When at home for the holidays we, in winter, followed the hounds on our ponies when the "meet" was near, or were allowed a gun when we had attained fifteen years of age, or often when there was a frost had some splendid skating on the "Ings."

The summer holidays were not amiss, but did not come up to Christmas time. We were often carpentering and turning on a lathe there was at home,

spoiling much timber and wasting many pounds' weight of nails. My second brother had fitted up a miniature lathe in his study at Rugby. This I inherited when he left the school. No other boy possessed, or perhaps cared to possess, such a treasure, out of the three or four hundred who were there in my time.

My father had often told me that I must "be something," that I should have to earn my own living, but I was never put into the way of doing so. There was now and then a little talk on this subject in the old Hall, when my mother would ask me what I would wish to be, and Law, Physic, and Divinity would be mentioned, as also the Army and Navy. They never seemed to think that there was any other occupation fit for a gentleman excepting the above.

After leaving Rugby I was sent to a private tutor, a married clergyman in a country village. Both Mr. and Mrs. Alban were estimable people, and with them I lived on the best of terms for a year and a half. Yet, although the poor gentleman tried his best, I do not remember that I learnt very much whilst under his roof, and he must have thought me rather a failure, as in truth I was. My teachers might have seen that my forte did not lie in

acquiring Greek or Latin; it always appeared to me that they would not or could not impart any other knowledge to "us boys," although many of us wished to hear of other matters.

I understand that they are beginning, now-a-days at our public schools, to see the error of wasting so much time in driving the "humanities" into unwilling youth, and now teach sciences unknown or ignored by the *doctors* of my day.

Whilst residing with Mr. Alban I fell in love, and, as usual with the very young in such cases, the object of my affections was several years my senior. However, nothing came of this *affaire du cœur*, for before long the young lady was married to some one older, whom she preferred, I suppose, to her more youthful lover. You must not be curious, dear young ladies, to hear more of this juvenile episode; really, I cannot, must not add any particulars to the above bare statement.

After some considerable thought on the subject as to what profession I should choose, I came to the conclusion that "Physic," was the very thing. Yes, I would go to Edinburgh and study.

Certainly I had an inward monitor that told me I should never make a good surgeon, lacking that kind

of nerve that can look upon wounds and suffering without much disquietude.

One morning a cottager, not far from the Rectory, whilst cutting a cabbage with a penknife, not only accomplished his purpose but stuck the blade deep into the calf of his leg, severing the "posterior tibial" artery. Of course he rushed to his house, bleeding like a pig all the way, and would have infallibly met his death but for the presence of mind displayed by the village blacksmith, who quietly covered the hole in the poor fellow's leg with his thumb. A doctor was soon procured who treated his patient "secundum artem," pouring brandy down the man's throat and otherwise mending his leg.

Some two or three hours after the event, I accompanied the rector to the invalid's cottage. We saw it all—the cabbage-stalk, the track of blood along the path, on the steps up into the house, and spatterings and stains upon the floor. The sight made me so sick and queer I nearly fainted, and from that day I gave up all idea of becoming a doctor.

A friend of mine in this village, the carpenter, an exceedingly clever man at his trade, could make anything he pleased out of a piece of wood. Being a pretty constant visitor at his shop, I perfected my-

self in the art of "how to set about the construction" of many kinds of work that he turned out.

In making anything in wood, iron, or what not, much depends upon knowing the most approved methods used in its construction, and even if the workmanship is inferior, the chances are that the article will be serviceable if "set out" and put together in the usual manner.

It was thought, at home, upon my leaving my tutor, that my education was complete, the only difficulty now lay in the choice of a profession; however, no new light coming in upon us on that subject, and nothing turning up, after two or three months, at the old Hall, I was sent into the East-Lothians, near Edinburgh, to a large and skilful farmer there, who took pupils in, to teach them agriculture. My mother, always more sanguine than my father, would say, "What a nice thing it would be for Edward if he could only get the appointment of agent to some nobleman," and then this knowledge of agriculture I was to acquire from the Scotch would come in so handy, and she would always wind up by saying, that "Stewards to the great nobility were certainly gentlemen."

Returning from the Lothians after more than a

year's residence at the farm above mentioned, and still nothing turning up, I found myself again at the old Hall—doing nothing towards making a start in life—farming was evidently not my forte.

Amongst other friends and neighbours of my father and mother, there was a certain family, living some four miles from the Hall, a notable member of which was a half-pay military gentleman, and at his door the blame lies, if blame there be, of approving my half-formed desire to emigrate. It is needless to relate why I was a frequent caller at this house, often staying to their early dinner, and afterwards helping the major to discuss part of a bottle of port.

I fancy I can see the little dining-room—the table in the centre, and almost filling the apartment, only allowing space at one end for the waiting-maid to pass. But the ladies have retired, and my military friend is talking about the choice of a profession; he speaks much in favour of the colonies, mentioning friends of his who had gone out to Canada, and other notabilities of his acquaintance residing in London, from whom he could easily procure letters of introduction for me to governors, bishops, commanders of forces, and other great guns, so that upon my arriving at the seat of government, in New

Zealand (I had pitched upon that colony in preference to Canada, the Cape, or Australia), I should on presenting my letters to the governor immediately "have the run" of the Government House. Truly, I never believed in any such a halcyon consummation, but was only too glad to have an opinion from a person older than myself, and falling in with my own wishes, and tending to urge my parents to let me go a voyage to the Antipodes.

Fully six months elapsed after this, to me, eventful conversation with the major, before I could persuade my father and mother to allow me to try my fortune so very far from Old England.

During this interval I devoted myself to studying geography, and to reading all the books I could borrow from our neighbours, or select from the circulating library, especially those relating to travels.

My father prophesied all sorts of mischances as likely to happen, and I cannot remember that any one gave me the least encouragement or information except an uncle, who had been to India in his youth, whose only advice was to swing a cot in my cabin, which I did not follow, the said cabin being too small for such a luxury, and my friend the major, who procured me some half-dozen letters to the great

people at Auckland, which letters by the way were worse than useless, as I soon found out; one or two I still possess, never having presented them, being so hurt with the result produced by the other four.

I was just twenty years three months and two days old when I sailed away from Gravesend, in the barque *Sir Edward Paget*, for Auckland, on the morning of the 9th of August, 1850. An old diary which I have preserved, tells me how that, day by day, we sailed over so many knots, and names the latitude and longitude as, week after week, we slowly altered our position on the chart. Truly, the old "Tea Waggon," for such she had been in her youth, was a dull sailer; we were 128 days from land to land, and met with fair, though light winds, and propitious weather the greater part of the way. In those times clipper ships were only just coming into fashion, partly, I fancy, to meet the demand for a quick passage round Cape Horn to California.

A clipper is more pleasant to look at than to go a voyage in; spars, ropes, and canvas, had need to be the very best and strongest. The deck in heavy weather, and indeed in that which is not so very heavy either, is domed over at times by a world of spray, shot from the top of a sea that has just curled

at the wrong moment; under foot the water swills from side to side with every roll—no! defend me from a long voyage in a clipper, at all events, one that is matched against time, whose course is just one continual "carry on." Why! I knew an instance in which the captain of such a ship racing from China, was so worn out after keeping the deck many consecutive days and nights, without proper rest; that mind and body being overstrung, strong man as he was, he just died nearly at the end of his voyage, in the channel off Beachy Head.

It was a long time to be at sea, and certainly a trifle dull to some of the passengers, who had nothing to do but eat and sleep, and sleep and eat again. When nature would allow of it, some of us, however, managed better, and found the time to pass almost quickly, with the aid of books and lessons in navigation. Moreover two or three of us learnt from an expert taxidermist how to skin a bird and set him up scientifically, an accomplishment that afterwards enabled me to cure, and send home quite a museum of feathered creatures.

On board ship there is always something going on that tends to break the monotony more than a stranger to sea-voyaging would suppose. Ten days'

sail from the Land's End and not very far from the island of Madeira, we fell in with north-east trade-winds, and for fifteen days after that they slowly and gently carried us on to latitude 8° 42′, longitude 20° 26′ 30″ west, when we lost them.

What a shame it is that land is wanting in so beautiful and genial a climate, just the very place to live in!

Where, oh, Plato! was the island of Atlantis anchored in your time? Was it anywhere here-aways, or over near the American coast, where the famous gulf weed (*Sargassa*) performs its ceaseless and extended gyrations? Some one has suggested that this weed with its little crustacean inhabitants and its nest-building fish are the sole survivors of a submerged continent or large island. I think he must have been an Irishman.

We met with many ships, and was it not "jolly" when near enough to "speak" one. Then our captain bellows out, "What ship is that?" and their captain, who has not so strong a voice as ours, yells out something that we make out to mean, "*The Jenny Lind.*" Then we, that is our captain, tells them we are so many days out; and afterwards at dinner we compliment our captain on his good lungs,

which commendation he receives half modestly, half jokingly, remarking, with a passing wink at the first mate, that he at most times can "make himself heard."

On the morning of the 13th of December New Zealand arose out of the sea, and on the 18th we landed in Auckland. The town, as I first saw it in 1850, was not much of a place, but we thought it looked well from the ship, with the morning sun shining on the painted wooden houses, and the gardens, with bright green trees interspersed. The harbour was alive with a mosquito fleet of small coasting vessels, and "cargo" boats. There were no wharves then, and these cutter-rigged craft of fifteen tons, or thereabouts, discharged all the English or intercolonial ocean-going ships.

Of the town itself I will not say much, of the mud in the unpaved streets after a few days' rain, or of the country round about Auckland, which is ugly, and for the most part a barren yellow clay, growing stunted fern and tea-tree, except a strip of volcanic country south of the town where the lucky owners have the monopoly of the only adjacent land worth anything for farming purposes.

There were four of us who first landed at Soldiers'

Point, for the tide was out, and the mud-flats stretched far beyond the other jetties—mud soft and nasty, in which you might sink from, say, six to eighteen inches.

Making our way along the slippery rocks towards the town, we met a young man, a Jew, who said, "Gentlemen, I hope you have had a pleasant voyage, are you many on board?"

"Why," replied young Rees, "there are just eighty-three of us, all told, and we are 138 days from the Downs. But can you direct us to some hotel? for we wish again to behold cabbage and potatoes, and fresh tack of all sorts."

Our Jew friend, with whom I afterwards became well acquainted, and who proved a very good fellow, and not in the least particular as to pork, when there was nothing else in the meat way handy, as was often the case in those days, pointed out the *Victoria Hotel*, where he said the charges were reasonable—twenty-five shillings a-week—without any drinkables, of course.

"I am staying there myself, at present," said the Jew, "and have always found things tolerably good."

"We will go there," said I, "and have some tea presently, supplemented with beefsteaks, new bread, and milk in our tea."

"I am for some watercress," said Rees, the youngest of our party, "if they have such a plant at the Antipodes?"

"Watercress! I should think they have. Have you never read in any of the books on the colony, how it grows and grows so big and so long that people are afraid it will stop the navigation in some of the streams; I tell you Jack and his Bean-stalk are nothing to the 'ways and manners' of this wonderful plant."

By this time we had arrived at the hotel, and walking into the bar were met by a smiling landlord and landlady, who shook hands with us, asking at the same time about our voyage, and to whom most of the cargo was consigned. We saw at a glance that our host was a Jew, and his wife of the same people.

Presently we turned out to see the town, as well as to be seen, for every one we met looked hard at us, which delicate attention we did not understand, being in no way remarkable or different in dress from the people in the streets. Any way we were "new chums," and they knew it; you could look down Queen Street in those days and readily count the few people about, and everybody then had some

knowledge of everybody else. To be a new chum is not agreeable—it is something like being a new boy at school—you are bored with questions for some time after your arrival as to how you like the place, and what you are going to do; and people speak to you in a pitying and patronizing manner, smiling at your real or inferred simplicity in colonial life, and altogether "sitting upon you" with much frequency and persistence.

The first natives I saw were a man and woman walking hand-in-hand down the middle of the street; they were laughing and talking to each other quite at the top of their voices, utterly regardless of any passers by. Walking just behind them, I had not yet seen their faces, and was thinking what a fine strong back the woman had. It was bare and coppery coloured, and her "roundabout" hung from her well-developed shoulders nearly as low down behind as a young lady's ball-dress does in Europe.

When the Maori man turned his head, I thought at once that the merry pair must be laughing at his face, in fact, it appeared to my "new chum's" eyes just like the countenance a clown might have on any stage. I could not look at him without a grin; but their joke, whatever it may have been, was at any-

thing rather than his skilfully tattooed figure-head, in which work of art he would have a great and proper pride, and with reason too. Doubt it not, young ladies, I will tell you why: *Virtus*, pluck or courage has in all ages, and by all races, been highly esteemed by you, and take my word for it who have seen the operation, that having your nose, lips, and forehead cut into a nice and pretty pattern by a demon of an artist, who holds your head between his knees whilst he gets at you conveniently, caring very little about the pain he gives, but working away, giving smart and quick taps with a kind of hammer, to the odd and very cruel-looking tools of his trade, just stopping now and again to wipe out of the way the blood, and also to rub in the colouring, which he will have handy by his side in a large mussel-shell. I say that a man to pass through such an ordeal must be a sort of "Cœur de Lion" in copper colour; and mind you, he can only have a small portion done at a time—and that well healed—start again on a new patch. I repeat that a man to endure all this to make himself "*beautiful* for ever," must have great pluck. Now pluck is courage, nay, more than courage, and courage is valour, and valour is virtue, and virtue is everything that is commendable in man or woman.

There are other considerations, of course, that conduce to perpetuate this practice in the ornamentation of the face and body of Maori men and women, some, perhaps, more potent than the foregoing. The New Zealand "Wahini" has a pattern of her own, *for her chin*, the design of which the men never plagiarize; she also often has her lips *done*, after which they are quite blue, but I do not consider that an improvement on their natural ruby colour.

The next day a fellow-passenger and I hired a horse apiece from the *Exchange Hotel*, and rode out to see the country. We went south of the town, through, for the most part, a volcanic region, thickly strewn with loose "scoriæ; though in places the solid rock shows, giving a barren, desolate, and melancholy aspect to the landscape.

There were a few so-called farms, but no cultivation, "barring" a grass paddock or two attached to each, a garden, and perhaps a few acres of maize. All this has very much altered within the last twenty years, and now you see a beautiful country, fairly cultivated; but at that time I was slightly disappointed, and did not *hanker* after a farming life near Auckland.

The day after our ride I thought I would deliver

a certain small parcel that had been intrusted to me on leaving England. It was for the only person in the whole colony of whom I had any previous knowledge. He was staying, a visitor, as I understood, at a house a mile from the town.

About 3.30 P.M. I found the house, and duly presented what I had brought all the way from his friends in the old country. I expected at least to be asked in, but no such thing happened. Quite the other way, for as we stood talking awkwardly at the door, my friend's host, making his appearance, reminded him, as I slowly turned to walk townwards, that dinner would soon be ready and that he must not go far, and to whom it never seemed to occur that it would have been only common courtesy to have invited me inside the house, far less had he any wish for my company at their feed. I hope it was badly cooked, that the pork was raw, and that the potatoes had a bone in them.

Presently on my road to the town I fell in with two Maories.

I was sitting on a hill side in the Domain when up came my two Antipodean aboriginals who, after the fashion of the country, immediately shook hands, and then sat down for a talk, rather a difficult

matter considering I certainly did not know one solitary word they could possibly say. However, to show how easy it is to make known some wants, my two copper-coloured friends produced empty pipes, and intimated how nice and good I should be if I filled them with tobacco. I was generous and they glad, but, mark the distinction, not grateful, or even thankful, two feelings for which even to invent a name takes centuries of civilization. After this, *conversation* flagged, and we smoked, smiling courteously at each other, for your pure New Zealand savage is always a very gentlemanly fellow. On the bank where we sat, *our ship* and a portion of the harbour were full in view. The natives seemed intuitively to know that I was a new "pakeha" by that ship from "the other side," for, pointing from me to her inquiringly, I nodded. It is curious that I, who have lived with and seen natives so much, should remember "the talk" with this pair of possible cannibals so very clearly; certainly it was my first effort to make myself understood to any one not English.

One of the natives, now looking and pointing to my watch-chain, said something, as I understood, that referred to time, in point of fact asking the "time o' day." It was six, and I said so, in words

and by sign, for which one of them gave me the Maori, "e ono." He then gave me a lesson in counting: "kotahi," one finger up; "e rua," two fingers; "e toru," three; "e wha," four; "e rima," five; "e ono," six. I said all this after him many times mispronouncing the words horribly, but they never laughed at me, or were in the remotest sense rude. It was very difficult to remember this lesson in Maori "numeration," and by the time I had reached the town I had utterly forgotten all save "kotahi," one.

CHAPTER II.

"'Courage!' he said, and pointing toward the land,
'This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon.'"
The Lotus Eaters.

It must have been about Christmas time when the Maories first landed in New Zealand, for as they neared the shore they noticed the red flower of the Pohutekawa-tree, which at that season of the year is quite a conspicuous and beautiful object as viewed from the sea.

In the story of these early voyagings of their ancestors, the natives, although differing in some particulars, agree wonderfully in their account of the main incidents relating to the country they came from, their passage across the ocean in big canoes, and of their dispersion over New Zealand on their arrival. There is now no island in the Pacific Ocean known by the name of "Hawaiki," the mythical

abode of the ancestors of the Maori, though possibly "Savii," one of the Navigators' islands, is the place. They have a tradition that Rarotonga, Parima, and Manona, are islands near to Hawaiki. The first named is a large island in the Hervey group, the other two belong to the Navigators, and are called as above to this day.

Several stories are told as to the cause of their undertaking so long and perilous a voyage.

It is about three thousand miles from Rarotonga (where one tradition says they built their canoes) to New Zealand.

Little differences, however, resulting in war, seem to have been at the bottom of their troubles.

I have been told also by natives that an ancestor of theirs (whose name I forget) having lost his dog, went about calling "Moi, Moi!" but the poor brute being entombed in the stomach of a chief of another tribe, could only reply by a prolonged howl, and wonderful it was that he could do even that. Such a marvellous gastronomical phenomenon must have proved startling to both parties, but more particularly to the greedy pilferer. Upon this, the original owner of the dog and his tribe went to war with the dog-eater and his party, and, after much fighting, one

side being worsted, they fled away to these islands, taking with them dogs, rats, parrots, and pukekos for live stock; they also had on board their canoes sweet potatoes (*kumera*), Karaka berries, gourds, and Taro.

The most wonderful part of the story to my mind is that they knew quite well where they were going, a certain man named Ngahue having been to New Zealand before, and upon his return to Hawaiki had much to say in favour of the islands he had visited, more particularly mentioning the size of the eels and the marvellous big birds that he had seen, also producing some pieces of greenstone that were specimens of diaphanous beauty which the Hawaikians had never had the pleasure of seeing before.

Knowing where New Zealand lay, they made a straight course of it, using the sun by day and certain stars by night, so as not to deviate much out of the way.

It is doubtful how many canoes started on this voyage, however, the events that happened to three of them, namely, *Tainui*, *Arawa*, and *Mata-Atua*, have been carefully handed down, but I should suppose that ten or more landed their crews safely in New Zealand.

Those on board the *Tainui* first went ashore on a peninsula about twenty miles to the north of where Auckland now stands, when, seeing a sperm-whale on the rocks, they called the headland Wangaparaoa, which name it still retains. After some rest, again launching their canoe, they sailed up the Tamiki River as far as Otahuhu, when, dragging her across the portage, they again set sail, and, proceeding out to sea through the Manukau Heads, steered south, finally locating themselves at Kawhia, where a great limestone rock is shown to this day as all that is left of the Tainui.

The *Arawa* also landed her party in the neighbourhood of Wangaparaoa, but they soon again embarked, and, sailing round the headland now known as Cape Colville, put in at most of the bays and harbours on their way, naming them as they went, which names they still retain. For example, at Tauranga they saw what a good harbour the place had, so they gave it the above designation, for the word signifies as much. Some seventeen miles further south they came to a headland with a river running round one side of it. This place they called "Te Tumu," which means a headland.

It was near here they dragged the *Arawa* ashore,

at a place now called Maketu, and from this they spread inland to the lake country.

The particular spot of ground where the canoe was beached has been a Wahi Tapu (sacred place) ever since, and I should hardly think that a native foot has ever from that time to this trod that bit of sandy shore, nor can I think of anything that would persuade a Maori to desecrate the place, a notable instance of which came under my own experience that I shall hope to relate by-and-by.

It is asserted by some that the voyages of the Maories from Hawaiki to New Zealand were made in double canoes; it may be so, but I think, as they now never build their canoes in that manner, that it is more probable they came in some larger kind of vessel resembling those native Malay craft to be seen in these our times about the island of Borneo.

The party on board of the *Mata-Atua* eventually settled at Whakatane in the Bay of Plenty. There is a tradition that as they neared the dangerous-looking shore the place appeared so rugged the men feared to effect a landing, when a woman, more bold than the rest, jumped into the sea and swam ashore to pilot the canoe safely into the river. From this circumstance they named the place Whakatane,

which means, that there "the woman played the man."

All Maori tradition concurs in stating that their ancestors, in their voyage from Hawaiki, first sighted the east coast of New Zealand, and, although almost invariably giving a name to every remarkable feature in the landscape, they have never applied any word to designate the country as a whole. The south island, which is comparatively small, they have named Rakiura, but the Northern and Middle Islands are without native names.

There is a pretty general belief that the ancestors of the present aborigines migrated from Hawaiki to these islands about 500 years ago, an opinion based upon the Maori genealogies, which are certainly to be traced through twenty generations.

When pushing off from Hawaiki, as they bade a last farewell to those on shore, it is said that an old chief made them the following speech :—

"Depart in peace; and when you reach the place you are going to, do not follow after the deeds of Tu, the god of war, depart and dwell in peace with all men, leave war and strife behind you."

The first Europeans of whose visit to New Zealand we have any certain account were the Dutch

under Tasman, in 1642; although a Frenchman named Binot Paulmier de Gonneville, who sailed from Harfleur in 1503, is supposed to have reached these islands. Also it is said that Juan Fernandez, the Spaniard, landed in New Zealand in 1576. It is just possible that there is some truth in these stories.

Van Diemen, the Governor of Batavia, had an only child, Maria, a Dutch beauty and an heiress. No wonder that she had many suitors, Abel Jansen Tasman amongst the rest, and the one the young lady preferred. "The course of true love never did run smooth;" and her father, who wished her to marry some one else, or at all events not young Tasman, who was only the skipper of a small vessel, and in a very different sphere of life to the high born and wealthy governor's daughter, naturally would not have been remarkably sorry to hear that the young fellow was at the bottom of the sea.

About this time Van Diemen fitted out an expedition for the purpose of discovering new countries, possibly with the idea that by giving the command to Tasman he might get rid of him; or if, again, the young sailor was successful in his explorations, the fame of them would so tend to his renown as to make a union with his daughter no longer undesir-

able. Tasman left Batavia with two ships, and on the 18th of December, 1642, anchored in a bay next to that where the town of Nelson now stands.

Extract from 'Tasman's Journal':—

"The 13th of December, 1642, Lat. S. 42° 10', Long. 188° 28' N.E. They had land in sight very high and hilly—in the charts now called New Zealand.

"They went north-east along the land, as the chart showed it, till they anchored in a bay S. Lat. 40° 50', Long. 191° 41', on the 18th of December.

"The inhabitants were rough of voice, thick and gross made. They came not within a stone's cast on board of us, and blew several times an instrument which made a noise like a Moorish trumpet, in answer whereto we blew ours. Their colour between brown and yellow; they had black hair, bound fast and tight upon the crown of their head in the same manner as the Japannes have theirs behind their head, and near as long and thick of hair, upon which stood a great white feather. Their clothes were of mats, others of cotton, but their upper parts were naked.

"The 19th of December. These Antipodes began to be somewhat bolder and more free, so that they endeavoured to begin a truck or merchandize with the yacht, and began to come on board; the commander, seeing this, began to fear lest they might be fallen upon, and sent his boat or prau with seven men to advertise them that they should not trust these people too much. They went off from the ship, and not having any arms with them, were set upon by these inhabitants, and three or four of them were killed, and the rest saved themselves by swimming. This they endeavoured to retaliate, but the water going high, they were hindered; the bay was for this reason named 'Murderers' Bay,' as it is marked on the chart.

"From this bay they went on east and found the land all round about them. It seems a good land, fruitful and well sheltered; but by reason of the bad weather and the west wind, they had great trouble to get out.

"The 24th of December. Because the wind would not well suffer them to go to the northward, they not knowing if they should find any passage to the northward and the flood coming out of the south-east, they concluded to go back again into the bay and

there seek a passage. But on the 26th the wind, better serving, they went away northerly somewhat to the west.

"The 4th of January, 1643—S. Lat. 34° 35′, Long. 191°—they came to the north-west cape of this land, and had long waves out of north-east, and therefore doubted not there must be a great sea in the north-east, wherefore they were glad at having gotten a passage."

This north-west cape Tasman named after his lady-love, Maria Van Diemen.

On the 6th of January, being the Feast of the Epiphany, he discovered the three islets off the north cape, which he named Drei König, or Three Kings.

There is also a vague Maori tradition that a ship, commanded by a man called Rougotute, visited the southern part of the north island, about the year 1740, and that the natives killed the crew and plundered the vessel.

The English government, in 1768, sent Captain

James Cook in the *Endeavour*, a brig of only 370 tons burden, on an exploring expedition to the Southern Ocean. He was accompanied by Mr. Banks (afterwards Sir Joseph), as botanist, Dr. Solander, naturalist, and Mr. Green, astronomer; for one of the main objects of the expedition was to observe the transit of Venus over the sun.

One hundred and twenty-seven years had elapsed since Tasman's visit in 1642, when on the 6th of October, 1769, land was seen from the masthead. Cook at first supposed this to be the "Terra Australis Incognita," but soon perceived that it was the Staten Land discovered by the old Dutch navigator. The next day they landed at a place called Turanga, in Poverty Bay, on the east coast of the north island. They met with so much opposition from the natives at this place that, in self-defence, they were obliged on several occasions to fire upon them, and many were killed. Cook spent nearly six months voyaging about New Zealand, surveying many parts along the coast, and noting the soundings, and, it is generally admitted that all he has done in this way is wonderfully correct.

Whilst in a harbour on the east coast he observed the transit of the planet Mercury over the sun's

face, and called the place Mercury Bay. It was here that Captain Cook took formal possession of New Zealand, in the name of King George III.

A very old native chief, named Te Taniwha, otherwise known amongst Europeans as "Old Hook-nose," from the Wellingtonian appearance of that feature, had a perfect recollection of Captain Cook. This ancient Maori, who died in the year 1853, is supposed to have been about twelve years of age at the time of the arrival of the big canoe of the Pakeha "from the other side" of the world. At first they thought that the ship was some huge bird, or, perhaps, a kind of whale; and when they saw the men launch a boat from off the vessel, and row towards the shore, they concluded that these strangers must have eyes in the back of their head, else how could they see where they were going to, sitting as they did in their dumpy canoe, with their backs to the beach.

Cook seems to have given Te Taniwha two handsful of potatoes and some biscuit, a part of the latter the old chief still retained tied in a bit of rag, up to the time of his death, when it was buried with him. The contents of this extemporaneous bag had little resemblance to biscuit, having, long years before I saw this curious memento of the illustrious

navigator, tumbled into dust. There was also a canoe at Coromandel, where Old Hook-nose mostly resided, which was reputed to have frequently been used by Cook when in this harbour.

De Surville, in the *Saint Jean Baptiste*, landed at Monganui, near the North Cape, in December 1769, and only just missed seeing Cook beat the *Endeavour* out of Doubtless Bay at the time.

De Surville soon got into trouble with the natives, behaving in a treacherous and cruel manner, after receiving only kindness from the Maories. He burned the native settlement, and carried away, against his will, a chief named Naginoui; the poor New Zealander pined for his island home, and eventually died at sea.

On the 11th of May, 1772, Marion du Fresne and Crozet, landed from two ships at the Bay of Islands. For some time all went well, and the French were on most friendly terms with the natives; but on the 12th of June, Marion and some sixteen of his crew were killed and eaten. It seems the French had desecrated some sacred place, and that was an offence unpardonable in Maori eyes.

Such was their revenge. Also it is said by the natives, that a French ship sailed up the estuary of

the Thames shortly after Cook's visit to the same place.

From this time many other ships began to call at New Zealand, more particularly the English and American whalers, who frequented the Bay of Islands, and white men gradually spread over the country, not very choice specimens of moral humanity, certainly, being mainly composed of convicts from Australia, runaway sailors of all nations, and "Pakeha Maories." Law there was none, and up to the time of the arrival of the first governor, New Zealand was notably a country where everybody did as he pleased.

In the year 1814, the Rev. S. Marsden, the first missionary, landed at the Bay of Islands, where, purchasing 200 acres of land from the natives for *twelve axes*, he hoisted his flag, bearing the word "Rongopai" (good tidings).

Captain Hobson, the first governor, landed at the Bay of Islands on the 29th of January, 1840.

CHAPTER III.

"Being mov'd, he strikes whate'er is in his way,
And whom he strikes his cruel tushes slay."
Venus and Adonis.

WITHIN a week of our landing I started, in company with three fellow-passengers, up the Auckland river, Waitemata. We did not get away on the first of the flood-tide, having many things to look after, as for example, eatables and drinkables, wherewith to victual the boat, and the various impedimenta men inexperienced and fresh from the old country always bother themselves with, so that by the time we had just passed Kauri Point, and were, say, seven miles from the town, the tide turned, when we poor unfortunates stuck on a mud-bank a full mile from the shore, and the big boat, heeling over, made sleeping on the thwarts anything but agreeable. Early next morning all hands, rather cross and ill-

tempered, were again under weigh, and with the help of a good tide, soon pulled the boat to the head of the Navigation, sixteen miles from Auckland. It was a place we never could have found without a guide, there were so many creeks, as big as the main one apparently, branching off on both sides.

"Here we are," said Hawkes, our guide and waterman: "we can take the boat no farther; these are the Falls I told you of, and hard by is a sawmill, near to which some men are living." Whilst saying this he steered the boat to a patch of grass—the landing-place just below the Falls.

On our voyage up I had slightly torn my trousers at the knee, and having another pair in my bag, I hinted to Hawkes and the rest that as we were now approaching a dwelling-place it would be as well to have one's nether garments in good order.

"You are quite good enough for the bush," replied Hawkes, smiling at my innocence in thinking that I should meet well-dressed people at the mill, and in truth I *was* good enough, if comparison with the new friends we were just about to make was any criterion as to the fashion of that locality.

"Here is some one coming," said Drew.

"Good morning to you," said the stranger. "Will you come up to the house?"

We all said "Thank you," and leaving the boat for Hawkes to moor safely, followed our new friend to the houses close by. He was a thin, wiry man, with a pleasant, healthy, hardened face, easy and talkative. We liked him at once, and hardly noticed the scantiness of his apparel, so agreeable was his manner. He wore what was called a "blue shirt," that is, a sailor's shirt of serge, fitting very loosely, and a pair of moleskin trousers, very much torn below the knee from walking through the harsh fern and "tea-tree" scrub, a leather belt, a pair of water-tight boots but no socks, and a wideawake hat, which last property was in rather a poor and seedy condition.

At the house he introduced us to his brother, who was arrayed *en suite*. Here, also, I first met Seth, a boy of, then, about fourteen years of age, an active youth he was, and a bit of a pickle. I shall often have occasion to mention him as my story proceeds, and may as well describe him here.

Seth Fearnley, the eldest son of a family with whom I became in after-years very friendly, was one of those hard and untiring young fellows who can

travel for days in the bush, and exist on very little to eat or drink, and never lost his temper even with an empty stomach. A perfect Nimrod—a hunter I never saw equalled : he was never lost in the bush ; it was simply impossible for him to be so. Every one has heard of the seemingly wonderful instinct of the Australian blacks, who can track men or cattle over all kinds of country, who see the trail over bare rocks, know where men *lost* have sat down, where, overcome with fatigue the pursued drag themselves wearily over the ground, where they slept sitting, their backs against a tree, where they gave up all hope, where in the case of two children, the elder carried the younger, where they said their prayers. Seth Fearnley combined all the black man's skill with a happy method of explaining woodcraft to his friends. He was a courteous and most unselfish character, a natural gentleman. Although at the time of which I write his knowledge of school-work was "nil," yet, in after-years, by dint of much application, he would have passed anywhere for a well-informed man. But what he did know at the former period was often of great use to himself and to other bushmen, and whether walking or canoeing it, his cheerful talk and ready wit always made his companionship a source of

pleasure to his friends—causing the steep ranges to seem easy walking, or pulling against the stream light work.

He was always ready with the native names of trees and shrubs, and knew their uses. To my mind it is pleasanter and more instructive to converse with such a companion than with certain botanical enthusiasts who have a habit, verging on boredom, of pointing out the beauty and wonderful structure of every little plant that, without thought or regard, one treads daily under foot, seeming to infer that their unfortunate hearer, who is not always expressing rapture at the sight of every scrap of vegetation is without sense or sentiment. I will admit the beauty of the vegetable world, and the wonder, too, if *man* had made them, but the Great Power who made all things in such profusion was not man, and the wonder would rather be, if He had caused plants and flowers to appear ugly. A man cannot be a living note of admiration.

But I am getting before my story. The house, or rather hut of our new friends consisted only of two rooms, one a bed-room where the brothers slept. The boy Seth was on a visit, and he passed the night on the table in the "living-room," a couch he

mightily improved by an extemporary mattrass of Mongo Mongo vines, a very clean make-shift, somewhat resembling the horsehair Gulliver might have seen at Brobdignag. The other—the main apartment—was kitchen, dining, and sitting-room, all in one. At one end was a big wooden chimney eight feet across, with a fire of logs on its earthen floor, over which now hung the kettle. To offer us something to eat was the first thought of our hospitable bushmen, and in the bush nothing is ever set before you without the "everlasting" panikins of tea to help it down.

A good thing is tea! good in the bush, on board ship, in a tent, or camping without a tent. It is good for the strong and for the weak, good when you are well or when you are ill. It is good when young, or when you get old. Savages like it, so do men who are not savages. Fine tea is good out of a fine china cup, seated at a fine table in a fine house, poured out by a fine lady, and handed round by a fine gentleman's gentleman. There is no end to what may be said of the good of tea.

The table, a rough stool or two, a chest, a bag of flour, and a cask of salt pork completed the furnishing.

"We have come up from Auckland to see if there is any pigeon or duck shooting to be had up here," said I, as we sat at the table drinking tea, and eating damper and salt pork for our breakfast.

"If you are good walkers, I think there are some pigeons at Breadens Bush," replied one of our entertainers, turning half round to the youth Seth to see what he thought about the matter.

"They are feeding on the 'Rata' berries now," said Seth, "but I do not think you will see many. Next week they will be after the 'Hinau,' and be plentiful about here; but if these gentlemen would like to see something of the bush, let us all go pig-hunting to-morrow. We can go to the "Kaikatea" flats, and pick up Portugee Joe on our road there; and we shall want his dog, for "Smut" here might come to grief if we fell in with an old boar, and no one "up" to give him "goss."

"Some of us will try and shoot a few pigeons now," said one of the men. "Who will go with me? To-morrow we will go pig-hunting, as Seth advises."

Ah! New Zealand was *the* country in those days. No one was in a hurry to do much work when there was any chance of a day's sport or amusement. We lived a trifle hard, to be sure, but that was nothing

to moan about; indeed, empty flour-bags or pork-casks were considered a fit subject for laughter. There were no poor, nor were there any rich: little or no crime was known; none ever locked their outer doors, and, all about the town, housewives had their "washing" hung out at night without fear of any depredator.

I will maintain that there was no place more delightful in the world. If!—of course, there must be an "if;"—why Heaven would not suit everybody, if! it will resemble at all the preconceived ideas of most of us with regard to that locality.

Yes, New Zealand was a "jolly place" to live in; if only you could be always, say, five-and-twenty years of age, have good health, a fair modicum of strength, and a little loose cash at most times at the bottom of your pocket.

I was one of a small party who went to shoot pigeons; we took a long, long walk through fern and tea-tree scrub, varied now and then by a struggle through a flax swamp, and then into the forest; there, however, we saw very few pigeons. The New Zealand pigeon, "Kuku," is a very beautiful bird, larger than the wood-pigeon of England, and very much tamer, whilst it is an easy matter to shoot them,

for they just sit more stupidly than a young rook. The natives often snare these birds, particularly when they are feeding on the "Wanaki," a kind of cabbage-tree palm. I once had eleven in a monster cage, but after a time got tired of keeping them, being obliged to employ a Maori man in nothing else but getting their proper food from the forest, so one day we set them at liberty.

By the time we got home late in the afternoon I was more tired and "done up" than ever I had been in all my life; for what with the heat of the sun overhead, and the long tramp, after a ship-board life—which generally takes all the "go" out of a fellow's legs—I was completely worn out.

A bath, however, in the creek that drove the mill, a capital clear hole just below the falls, and out I came completely revivified.

The next day we went pig-hunting; some of our party walked to the flats, picking up "Portugee Joe," together with his mate and dog, on the way, whilst others of us went down the creek in a "dingy," thus saving some two miles of heavy walking.

We soon fell in with pigs, the dogs barking furiously, bringing them to bay. What anxious

moments! They are moments I assure you, when parting the flax, toi-toi, fern, or tea-tree scrub, as high or higher than yourself, you struggle on to where the pig is, knowing full well that the very instant he espies you he will make his "rush," and should your dogs prove caitiff, or fail to distract his attention, the chances are that you will come very seriously to grief.

Two good dogs will hold most pigs by the ears, if he has any, whilst you despatch my gentleman with a knife, or some other weapon—a ship's cutlass is by no means a bad one—a revolver also is handy, or even a gun, always supplemented with a sharp-pointed sheath knife. Our party were very variously appointed; one had a tomahawk, Seth was equipped with an old sword, which he had ground up to a keen edge; I had a gun, and another had a spear formed by lashing a bayonet to a stout stick.

When we got "up," the first pig was keeping the dogs at bay, and as yet they had failed to "get hold," and no wonder, for in some previous encounter with dogs he had lost his ears; very useful appendages when put to their legitimate purposes, but in the present case I daresay he was glad to be without them, for it gave him a better chance of fight.

At our approach the dogs became more furious, and as the pig's attention was off for an instant, looking for our whereabouts, in they rushed together, and held him by what little butts of lug he had left. Immediately, Portugee Joe sprung forward, and seizing a hind leg in each hand, thought to turn him over, and then give him his final *coup de grâce.* Joe was a remarkably strong man, but piggy was by no means weak. It also happened that at this moment Joe's dog let go his hold, possibly frightened at his master's proximity, for that same morning the poor brute had received a most tremendous thrashing for some delinquency, perhaps also he thought that his master would like to manage everything his own way. "Smut" was tossed off after a short struggle in which the "Portugee" took an active and very precarious part at the other end of the pig. None of us could move for laughter, seeing the tall man with his face expressive of great anxiety, only just able to retain his hold, a leg in each hand, something like an animated wheelbarrow. Both dogs continued barking with all their might—at a safe distance—the pig was anything but silent, making that snorting noise peculiar to his species. We, the lookers-on, were weak and incapable from

extreme merriment, Joe not daring to let go, but feeling that he could not hold on any longer, his arms going alternately with immense rapidity and force, and he swearing with all the breath he could spare, that if we did not knife the —— pig he would let him go at us.

The youth Seth was the first to come to a sense of "Portugee's" position, although he had laughed more, I do think, than any of us, even resorting to rolling in a flax-bush, in order to relieve his feelings.

"Stick to him, Joe!" he cried, and making a drive, in a moment he had the wild pig by the off fore-leg, and with a quick strong jerk, turned him on his side, then with his knee on the throat he had him fast, the Portugee still holding on behind. Seth's cap had come off in the struggle, and his long hair—wild-looking youth that he was—half blinded him, tossing it off his forehead, he, with great deliberation, drew his knife. "Hold on now, Joe, the black rascal is stronger than you and I together, if he only knew it."

"Hold on it was," but not for long, for presently the black-haired thick-skinned hog was dead. As all this took place only a short half mile from where we had left the dingy, it was quickly agreed that we

should take this fellow there before we proceeded farther.

So "there and then" his inside was torn out to lighten him, a small armful of fern was thrust in instead, and his legs tied together so as to make him a handy "pikau," the clean fern sitting soft to the back, and preventing the sanguinary parts from touching the bearer's shirt.

We travelled some miles before we again came across pigs. This time the dogs gave chase to a smaller and much younger animal than the last, and got hold of him amongst some fallen timber by a creek side; then he got away again: however, just as he was "skedaddling" over a slippery log that lay half in and half out of the water, and at the very moment when his back was arched in his endeavour to surmount this obstruction, Seth got a fair blow at him with his sword, dividing the spinal column, and there the poor pig hung over the dead tree, "without sense or motion." I never in any of my hunting expeditions saw so curious a sight; it was many thousands to one that ever a pig would foolishly get into so favourable a position for such a sword cut, and what are the odds that the man would be there ready and able to administer the same.

After this we fell in with an old sow and six "suckers." The dogs had killed two before any of us could get up, another was stopped in his retreat by the "Portugee," who in the heat of the chase threw his knife "*à la* Spaniard," with such good aim as to make a hole in the poor little pig's side, such a hole indeed that the air passed in with every breath he drew. Three we caught alive, sound, and squeaky, whilst round the little wounded fellow Joe tied an old rag, declaring he would try to rear the "sucker" as his peculiar property; and I may as well state here, that in a very few days piggy was all right again, and quite happily housed in a little sty adjacent to Joe's hut.

We now thought of returning, for "Old Sol" was getting low, and we were many miles from home. Joe and his mate received their share of the produce of the day's sport, and took the track over the ranges to their home. Whilst all our party returned in the dingy loaded almost down to the gunwale; however, the tide was in our favour, and about an hour's pull brought us to the mill.

We had two little live pigs with us, and that same evening they became quite tame, seeming not to know what fear was, but running about the hut per-

fectly indifferent to the dog's surprised look and angry growl, as they scampered under or over her, grunting about the floor in search of something to eat, being so entirely at home in our company that they would take a bit of potato or bread from our hand quite as a matter of course.

I have since witnessed the same thing several times, and always wondered at it, for I do not suppose that if you took the young of a tame pig it would be so fearless or sensible all at once. I think I have read somewhere that the young of other wild creatures show the same friendship for man upon a very short acquaintance.

I here pass over the events of more than a year; if I were to relate every incident, when and where should I end? Another reason why I am inclined to omit this particular portion of my story is this: that in thinking it over, I can recall little that I can look back upon with pleasure, or without feeling very "small." To *blurt* out the truth, I entered into a speculation, and, of course, lost money by it—lost in fact almost all the money I had, not much to be sure, still I had no more, so the loss was great to me at that time. I will briefly state this much and no more, that my venture was in connection with timber

and a saw-mill, and that on one unfortunate day, after a continuous downpour of heavy rain for twenty-four hours, the wind being in the north-east, a mighty fresh arose and *floated* my mill away, carrying at the same time a hundred large Kauri logs out to sea, and stranding as many more on beaches and mud flats, amongst the mangroves, or on the rocks above high-water mark; many have never been dislodged since, but remain the moorage of barnacles without, and the home of the *teredo navalis* within, and to that locality and that particular piece of machinery I will say good-bye now and for ever.

About this time I became better acquainted with the family of my young Nimrod, whose paternal parent held the lease of a certain saw-mill about eighteen miles from Auckland: his mother was dead, the rough colonial life of those days having proved too severe a trial for the poor lady, had just killed her.

Do not imagine that such adventures and pleasant passages in colonial life that we read of are matters of every-day occurrence, such agreeable experiences on sheep stations, and such bush stories are, in the main, true enough, but are in general written by travellers from the old country, who, having a book

to make, are very happy to pick up such sensational incidents to help to fill it; or by government officials writing to crack up the colony, and at the same time bring their dear selves to the fore, which last may be a natural and commendable ambition, but I have no wish to quarrel with or imitate the same.

One morning as Seth Fearnley and I were crossing the ranges on our way to his home, rather a misnomer surely, for I have heard him declare that he never had a home. "Seth," said I, "how many brothers and sisters have you?"

"Oh," he replied, "I have ever so many brothers and two sisters, of the latter Jael is next to me in age, and the other is almost a baby, Jael has brought her up, and has kept house since mother's death."

"And how old is Jael?"

"She will be twelve in a few weeks, but she can do more than lots of grown-up people, she makes all her own and the children's clothes as well: father taught her how to cut them out."

"And you went away 'on your own hook' some time ago, I suppose, eh, Seth!"

"After mother died, I left and went to be hut-keeper to two pair of sawyers. It was 'hard lines' then I can tell you; at one time we nearly killed

ourselves eating damper made with flour scraped from the inside of some sacks that had got wet when full, leaving large flakes of mouldy stuff sticking all round. My word! we were bad after that. You see, there was nothing else left in the house, we were clean run out, and the men's credit was not over good at the store."

"And your father, Seth, tell me about him?"

"Why he, you see, is a clever old 'coon,' all for books when off his work, with hardly a word for any one; but he is a good workman and can just make anything that *hands* can, I have heard many people say so. He never knew what a day's sickness was, and has no pity for any who say they are unwell, in fact he does not understand it—does not father."

Seth told me also that one little brother, who had died, was not strong and hard like the rest; indeed I soon perceived that the domestic arrangements of Master Seth's home must certainly weed out the weak, since only the strong could live there to grow stronger. Darwin had not then given his theory to the world, still its principle was noticed by us although not put into words.

I found, too, that my young Nimrod was, after the

manner of elder brothers, a bit of a tyrant over his brother Ned, the boy next to himself in years, but Jael would not allow any bullying whilst she was present.

At this mill I stayed a few days, and found the Fearnley family very hospitable and friendly. Jael was a wonderful little girl, who did her work quite like a grown-up person, making her younger brothers' and sisters' clothes, and minding them all with great skill and diligence, wearing at the same time a face of profound solemnity.

"If you please, Mr. Crewe," Jael said to me one evening, "will you set me a copy?" producing at the same time pen, ink, and letter-paper.

"I will do my best," I replied, "but I must tell you beforehand that I am not a first-rate calligraphist—a long word that, eh, Jael? I mean that whilst I am writing my fingers seem to be all thumbs, well what words shall I set you for head lines, the old fashioned truisms, or something new of our own?"

"Something new."

"I have a theory that for those who have not time or opportunity to go to school, like yourself, Jael, it will be better to avoid such capital letters as are usually printed for head lines."

"Whilst talking in this fashion, I was writing in the best round-hand I could master:

"A big-nosed man is very seldom bad."

"Barter is the coloured man's loss."

"Cannibalism, formerly a Maori custom."

I will hold at that, lest I should make the fortune of some new producer and publisher of copy-books.

Presently Jael sat down to try her hand at a writing-lesson, and I had much pleasure in seeing her advance with rapidity and ease, as learners do who really wish to acquire any art.

After a while the "old man," her father, and the boys came in; the latter, taking great interest in the writing-lesson, fell to work, one using a burnt stick and a piece of board for his materials, the other smoothing a portion of the soft powdery wood-ashes of the hearth, wrote his copy there, *à la* Philip Quarl.

The old man, silent and indifferent to all that was going on around him, sat smoking, with his eyes fixed on the fire.

"What a pity it is," I said at length, "that you have no school near enough for these young people of yours to go to, Mr. Fearnley!"

"Oh!" said he, "they will do very well. Schools

are only made for stupid folks. Any one can learn who has a mind to do so."

"But, come, Mr. Fearnley," I replied, "some one sent you to school. Why, I do not believe that one in a hundred would learn without compulsion."

"Very true, Mr. Crewe; the ninety-nine would be shoeblacks, sweeps, and undertakers, soldiers, sailors, and agricultural labourers, and general slavies for the cute ones. As for myself, I was first a year at a school where I learnt *nothing!* truly nothing, for I hated it. My mother often beat me all the way there with a broom handle. I have on my head to this day 'the bumps' that were raised in that fashion, and one day, after some delinquency, fearing a more considerable embossment, I ran away, and lived for a week in a haystack. I had 'spotted' the place before as the very best abode for a runaway. The stack was a mile from any dwelling, and stood in a grass paddock adjoining a potato-field. I happened to know the whereabouts of a hay-knife, and with this I cut a little cave into the hay where I sometimes kindled a fire, and roasted my potatoes. The smoke, however, betrayed me at last. Of course they thought that some one had set the stack on fire: the stupids! I had no such intention. But, oh! I did

catch it, first from the farmer, who was my uncle, and then from my mother who, although she had been crying her eyes out about me, thinking some gipsy had stolen her boy, yet had no sooner got hold of her hopeful son than she made him wish himself back in the hayrick or anywhere rather than at home.

"I was tolerably good after this exploit for about six months, and learned to read and write.

"Early in life I was fond of anything mechanical, and had read something about steam-engines, and one day my mother sending me to the tinsmith with a copper kettle to get the spout soldered on afresh, I embraced the opportunity to become possessed of a boiler, so with an air of great confidence I ordered the tinman to solder the lid fast down, and to put a small straight cock where the spout had been. At first he would hardly agree to do what I required, but, after some demur, consented. I then proceeded to experimentalize with my new acquisition, concealing my operations in a retired corner at the bottom of my mother's garden, where I was completely hid from view by a rank growth of nettles and a stick-heap.

"Being caught at this work the next day, my

mother was quite furious at the quaint appearance of her copper kettle. However, a friend diverted her anger from me to the tinsmith, and I well remember how he was laughed at for believing me, and thinking for one moment that any old lady could desire so strange a transformation in the most resplendent article in her kitchen. All our friends said I ought to be an engine-wright, as they were then called, and in due time sure enough I was apprenticed to the famous Mr. Matthew Murray, of Leeds, who had probably done as much as James Watt himself to perfect the steam-engine. I believe that the planing machine we had in use whilst I was at the works at 'Holbeck,' which was of his invention and make, was the first ever constructed. One great difficulty we had to encounter in those days arose from the want of good steel, I mean cast-steel. I may safely say that a locomotive like those in use now-a-days could hardly have been put together at that time—no, not if all the constructive skill of England had been brought to bear upon this object only.

"Well, Mr. Crewe, that was all the schooling I ever had. I do not profess to know much, but all I do know I learnt after leaving school."

With that Mr. Fearnley got on his legs, said good-

night, and turned in. I also said good-night to Jael and her brothers, and the next morning good-bye, too, walking to town with my "swag" at my back like any other bushman.

CHAPTER IV.

"Still in the yawning trough the vessel reels,
Ingulf'd between two fluctuating hills;
On either side they rise, tremendous scene!
A long dark melancholy vale between."

Falconer's *Shipwreck.*

STROLLING down Queen Street a few days after my return to Auckland, I fell in with a Dutchman named Janson, whom I had met once or twice before at the *Victoria Hotel.*

"Halloa, Janson!" said I, "how are you, and where are you sailing your schooner to now?"

He informed me that he was going up the Thames for a cargo of flax, wheat, and pigs, and that he expected to pick up just a deck-load of timber at the saw-mill on his way back. Janson was a sturdy sailor of mixed parentage, for his mother was a Scotchwoman and his father a Prussian, and my friend, to complicate matters more, was born at sea

and on board a Dutch ship, and was one of those curiosities who, having lost the knack of speaking his mother-tongue, had a smattering indeed of many languages, but could *talk* none of them properly.

Janson had worked as a ship's carpenter at Amsterdam and also at Riga, spoke a little German, less Russian, some few words of Dutch, very bad English, and professed that he could make himself understood in Spanish.

I have met with many in the same predicament, who, having forgotten their own language, had yet not learnt another. The worst case I recollect was that of a poor Italian who had utterly forgotten his own mother-tongue, and after many years spent on board ship and ashore in the Australian colonies, had never acquired English. With the greatest patience and attention I always failed to catch his meaning, if he made use of many words.

"But where are you for?" inquired Janson.

"Nowhere," I replied.

"Then come and have something to drink."

"Why, you see, Janson, I am doing nothing as well as going nowhere. I have indeed been looking for an easy billet for the last week, but I should like

to go with you for this trip you speak of to the Thames."

It was finally agreed between us that I should go with him, helping to take the schooner there and back, that I should not be required to assist to load or unload cargo, that I was to have whatever there was in the eating way on board, but to receive no pay in money.

Janson was somewhat keen to engage me, for his men, I found, had left him, he having had a row with his crew, and having taken to punching their heads, plucky Dutchman that he was.

"But surely," I inquired of him, "you and I are not enough hands to man that big schooner of yours."

"Oh, never fear, Mr. Crewe, we shall manage well enough. I have a capital winch on board, and by taking time we can get sail on her. At ten to-night," continued he, "the moon is up, and then it is high water. Where shall I find you?"

I named the Victoria Pier, and after this arrangement we parted—I to pack my blankets and a few things in a sailor's bag, and also to get my gun in order, for I thought we might come across some ducks or pigeons on our way up the river.

Janson turned up about the hour appointed, accompanied by a native, whom he had engaged for the consideration of a new calico shirt and some tobacco, to go with us as cook and general help "for this present voyage" there. The question who was to cook on the return passage did not trouble our captain, who trusted in his usual luck.

The Maori man's home was up the Thames, so he simply worked his passage, and was a clear gainer besides of a very inferior "trade" shirt and "food for his pipe;" his sole impedimenta consisted of a blanket and the clothing he stood in, which was a pair of ragged moleskin trousers, and a remarkably dirty and aged shirt.

We were soon on board the schooner, which was at anchor in the stream, about half a mile from the pier. First and foremost "*all hands*" went below into the cabin, and our skipper having struck a match, set the native to light a fire in the "galley," and to get the kettle on. In the meantime the tide was just upon the turn, and, going on deck, we commenced heaving in the chain "short;" then we set the mainsail, and got the jib all clear to run up, but to break the anchor from its firm hold in the unctuous black mud took all three of us at the

windlass, with Janson singing, and even then we should never have burst the six hundred-weight of iron from its bed at the bottom of the river, but by getting more sail on the vessel, by which means we fairly tilted the flukes over, and dragged into deeper water.

By-and-by the schooner was moving in the right direction before a gentle breeze from the south-west, which was just a leading wind to the Sandspit Island.

I took the first spell at the steering, Janson giving a pull here and there at the sheets and haliyards, to make the sails set their best, and also coiling up the ropes.

The Maori was sucking at an apparently empty pipe, sitting at the same time almost upon the galley fire; presently he sung out, "Kua koropupu te tiketara"—Anglice, "the kettle boils." At this juncture Janson disappeared below, returning with a fist full of tea, which he puts into the kettle, still boiling furiously, and making a cheerful clank, clank, as the steam lifted the lid. The tea in, the kettle is leisurely taken off the fire and carried to the cabin, where I go, too, at Janson's invitation, first handing over the tiller to the Maori.

Our meal consisted of a loaf of very new bread,

butter, and biscuits; the tea we drank out of very dirty tin pannikins, just giving them a rinse with hot tea from the kettle. After filling the first pannikin the spout was a bit choked with the leaves, but Janson soon set it going again by dexterously blowing down the nozzle, a sight not very provocative of any desire for the residue of the beverage, which I fancy must taste "tobaccoy," and well it may, for I perceive that my friend "chews," and even eats at meals with a quid in his mouth.

After this rough feed, which I detail rather at length even at the risk of boring my readers, from a wish to delineate what voyaging is in a small craft, for the benefit of the untravelled, few of whom can even hope to have the pleasure and the advantages I have enjoyed in her most gracious Majesty's Antipodean colonial dominions; Janson handed up a pannikin of the tea, together with some of the bread and butter, to the native.

Your European at all times desires to keep the aboriginal in his place, and none but very foolish or simple people eat with them, or allow "the nigger" to feed in the dining sanctums of the civilised. And rightly too, for your savage man is very different from our noble selves, so diverse, indeed,

that I cannot think that they are of the same species. I may be very wrong, but I can hardly fancy an Australian black to be "a man and a brother," and I would as lief have a gorilla for my remote ancestor as some of the South African tribes —creatures so malformed in body, from the immense development of some parts to the spindling of the rest of the body, that activity is impossible.

The Terra del Fuegians are of a low type, whose great work of art is in their canoes—and yet these leak so as to keep one of the crew always baling: I will admit they *may be* men, but can hardly do so in the case of the Guyracui Indians, who have short tails of inconvenient stiffness, necessitating the owners to carry a pointed stick, with which to make a hole in the ground, in order to sit down commodiously.

These tribes are situated about latitude 24° 6′ S. at the head waters of the Parana. They build no huts, use no clothes, have no knowledge of fire, nor can they be taught to speak even when taken young. And if any of my readers wish to know more of these *nice* people, I beg to refer them to 'Masterman's Travels in South America.'

Savages, like other creatures, want treating with

judgment; they are useful, and often ornamental, but the best of them have such very peculiar ideas of what is fit and proper to put into their stomachs, and are also so singular in their manner of conveying food to that receptacle, that it is always advisable for them to eat by themselves, besides, a propinquity and partnership, during the process of alimentation, tends to induce a disagreeable familiarity.

Indeed, ye gentlefolks of England, you need not go from home to be cured of philo-aboriginalism, and take my word for it, should you look in the right places, if you do not find a species different from the "genus homo," you will surely discover many specimens who only require a few joints added to the "os coccyx" to suggest to your mind a difference of origin. I again took to the steering.

"We will have something better in the morning for breakfast," said Janson. "I will make this Maori boil some pork and cook some potatoes, so rouse him up at daylight, Mr. Crewe."

After this the wind fell away, and Janson went below, as also did the native, who turned in somewhere forward, I taking the first watch on deck, agreeing to call them at daylight, or if the wind got up. But the breeze fell away almost to a calm, and

we made little or no way; at intervals, indeed, a flaw of air would come, and then we dodged on a bit. It was a beautiful starlight night, showing the Southern Cross very clearly, though I do think it requires an effort of the imagination to see "a cross," perhaps the more so as there are several false crosses which are frequently visible, whilst the true cross is under a cloud.

Whether there are more stars to be seen on a clear night in New Zealand, or in the old country, I cannot say; but the southern hemisphere appears more of a mixed medley, and requires great patience to separate and know the many constellations.

Nowhere does time pass so slowly as when you are on deck alone at night, with no wind to fairly fill the sails; I assure you in such a case four hours appear equal to double that time conjoined with sunshine and pleasant company.

Is the thing we call time an invention to suit humanity, or, at the most, for the benefit of the tenants of the solar system? What we call a year, and fancy, or rather feel, to be *some time*, may be but a moment, a flash, to the inhabitants of Mars, Venus, or Mercury, and yet the length of their day, Greenwich measurement, is nearly the same as our

own; their night may appear to them to consume no more time than the darkness does that obstructs our retina during the twinkling of the eye, or it may be just the other way, and, compared with our estimate, be a slow-going arrangement.

Time suggests so handy a method for recording past events that I cannot help thinking that there must have been some sort of measure always, some self-acting apparatus, long before this planet was "set a going."

But all this while where am I? Why, almost or indeed entirely asleep sitting on the poop, my legs dangling and just reaching the main deck. Janson's schooner was not flush fore and aft like most craft of like tonnage, but had this poop and long tiller, resembling some old Dutch galiot, indeed my friend had there got his model. A main sheet from either side led through a block just handy to the man steering. I mention this as the boom and sheets with blocks attached, took charge of the deck when a heavy squall struck us later in the day.

To keep myself awake I tried by careful steering to make the most of what little wind there was, but soon got tired of that, so let her drift. Then I thought I would fish, as I had seen a line or two on

the hatch; so, baiting with a bit of pork from the harness cask, I sat down on the rail to try my luck, but could get no bites, for we were going over the ground too fast, drifting with the tide, to fetch the bottom. Then I walked up and down and wished for daylight, when I should wake up Janson and the Maori. At last, after I had been dead asleep half a dozen times, to come to life again each time with a start, I saw it was getting a trifle less dark, so I roused up the Maori and Janson with much shouting, and by the time I had them on deck the day had fairly dawned.

It was now my "watch below." I soon turned in and was asleep in a minute.

I had been asleep some two hours, and was dreaming that I was "the last man," a favourite dream of mine. It was not distinct to my perception how it all came about, but it seemed very certain and quite true that all men were dead.

I seemed to be in a town, whose streets were very still and empty. I did not enter any of the houses, and therefore cannot say whether the dead were there, or whether they had buried each other as they died. I was impressed with the thought that it must be so, and that the people of this town, and,

indeed, of all the world, had not had much other occupation for some considerable time past.

I found myself close to some stables where many half-starved horses were. I set them free; off they clattered down the street to gain the country.

I was rather glad to be the only man in the world. I felt myself above humanity, and that nothing could kill me. I thought of friends and people I had known who would have been "real sorry," and who would have cried, and shown a proper distress for so strange a calamity befalling the human race.

I tried to get up a sensation of grief, and strained my mind, thinking how so and so would have acted if they had been in my place. I also wished much to be able to say hereafter how I wrung my hands and otherwise played my part with proper feeling.

I awoke from my dream only to hear Janson bellowing down at me.

"Crewe, Mr. Crewe! are you dead? You're —— hard to wake. I do not think you would rouse out if it was the last day."

Half awake Janson's words fell in with the tenor of my thoughts and made my past dream more vivid.

"Get up," continued the skipper. "Here is break-

fast and a good breeze of wind, and likely for more. Rouse out, and give me a hand to get the dingy on board before she comes to grief. She has been making believe to come on deck on her own hook for the last half hour."

"All right, Janson! I hear. Do you think I am deaf?"

I was on deck in a minute, finding my way with only one eye open, and still partly asleep. Then I found that things had changed, for the schooner was now well heeled over and plunging through the water famously. Janson was getting the dingy round to leeward; I ran to midships, and as the native who was steering shook the wind out of the sails, hooked on the tackle, and leading it to our skipper's universal panacea for "short of hands," *the winch*, we quickly had her on board, and, after a short struggle, on to the windward side.

"For you see," said Janson, "it will blow *Heavens hard* soon, and I wish we had four or five tons more ballast."

"Where are we now?" I asked, for as yet I had been too busy to look round.

"That," said Janson, "is the Sandspit Island," pointing astern, "and we are laying our course with

something to spare; and that headland to windward they call 'Oreri,' a wild and rather barren country."

"Who lives there?" I asked.

"Ahoa," he said to the Maori, "Kowai te iwi ke uta?"

"Te Ngatitamatara," replied our native, was the name of the tribe who had a settlement near there.

After breakfast, which was an improvement on the meal over-night, as far as a lump of salt pork badly, and some potatoes nicely, cooked by our aboriginal "chef" made it.

We took in some sail, for it blew vicious, and in squalls, every recurring one seemed heavier than the last. We had taken in the foresail and were thinking of a reef in the mainsail, indeed had just lowered the throat and peek halyards, and Janson and the Maori were tugging at the reefing-tackle, the latter only in his shirt, which the wind tore at, and flicked about like "a washing" on a line in a windy day, Janson singing to every pull, and encouraging the native to do his best and not to mind the vagaries of his apparel, doing himself at the same time the work of two men, like a sturdy mariner as he was.

In the midst of this, down came another squall, more spiteful than any.

"Look out," I cried, as we heeled over.

I thought we should never stop. The water poured in over the rail, and rising above the level of the combing of the main hatch, streamed in a cataract below. I hung on to windward, and could have sat on the schooner's side quite well; up went the boom carrying away first the windward then the lee sheets, as if to try and make a mast of itself. Down it came, snapping the "toping lift," up again! I heard things in the cabin—well, changing places. Then the boat slipped first against the combing of the hatch, then, turning right over, brought up against the rail and lee rigging.

Janson and the Maori were up to their necks in water. The latter's face was a sight, so much had it increased in length and pallor. Janson alone laughed as we righted, remarking, "That was a screamer!"

"Why, Janson, I thought she was going to turn turtle."

"No fear," he replied, "the old girl would never serve us so shabby a trick."

It seemed as if the squalls were now over, for the sun came out a bit and they became less and less forcible.

But our sails were in ribbons; indeed, if they

had not given way under the pressure we should certainly have been upside down.

After this, we set what sail we could, and then "turned to" to repair as best we might the damage sustained.

Fortunately there was plenty of sewing-twine on board, together with needles, two palms, and a lot of old canvas, so that in the course of two hours, by dint of hard work and long stitches, we had so patched up the mainsail as to be able to set it before we neared the land on the other side of the Frith.

At the debouchure of the Thames and Piako Rivers the shore is so little above the water that the first indication of land is the "Kaikatia" forest, which is in reality many miles inland.

It was afternoon when we arrived off the mouth of the river, but as the tide was on the ebb, could go no farther until the next flood.

We lay off a Maori settlement called Kaweranga, perhaps half a mile from the beach, and could plainly see and hear too that something was going on amongst the natives, who, in two separate but compact parties of apparently about 200 men each, were dancing alternately to some kind of tune with great energy and noise. As they all jumped in perfect

time from the ground like one man, we seemed to see right under and beyond the "mob."

"Ah!" said Janson, "there will be a feast going on ashore, I guess," and, referring to the native, we heard that there had been some likelihood of a fight about "land," but that "a lasting peace" was now concluded, and that the war-dance going on ashore was only to show each other what they could do, supposing things had been otherwise and they had not made friends.

Ah! "that land question" was always a source of trouble in New Zealand, like anything else when the ownership is uncertain.

Before the "pakeha" came land was of no value. How could it? when there were no buyers or sellers of that commodity; when watery insipid "Kumara" with a chance bed of Taro and gourds were the only plants cultivated, and these in Lilliputian quantity. What is the use of land if nothing is done towards its cultivation?

There were no hunting-grounds as in America, the only game being men, barring a few birds, and the tribes fought and hunted each other—for sport! and fed copiously on the proceeds of the chase, or the chances were even, that furnished in themselves a

cannibalistic repast. The Maori man is by nature a fightative character—quite heroic and poetical in his way—fond of talking of the hair-breadth escapes and noble deeds of his ancestors. Yes, quite as noble as many European heroes, and the only difference a Maori could discriminate would be this, that the Polynesian eats the choicer portions of his vanquished enemy, which is a clear gain to his commissariat, whereas the civilized murderer in a large way has a wasteful habit of burying his killed in the ground.

On no subject have the natives become more touchy than on the ownership of the soil, and are eminently ever ready to rush to arms with each other or with the "Pakeha," no matter whether the block of land in dispute be big or little, of much value or worth nothing, there is a "never mind" the results kind of talk, and also, perhaps, an irresistible charm in the excitement and consequent pleasure of a row, that is truly "Maori," and almost Irish.

Before the advent of Europeans and —— pigs, the only chance the natives of New Zealand had of occasionally replenishing their larder was by a raid upon their neighbours; a chief might certainly kill a slave now and again, though I never heard that it

was accounted a gentlemanly act to do so, and only proper during the visit of some high-born friend.

I wish any one joy who goes to buy land from the natives, of this I am sure, that he will pay for it ——*full value.*

CHAPTER V.

"Not for Joseph."

We soon got the boat over the side, and started for the shore. The Maori pulling, Janson and self looking on, as was correct, as also for the native, the moment the dingy "touched," to get out and give us a back ashore. I had my gun with me for the chance of finding some pigeons at the edge of the bush, which here came down to within a short distance of the beach. At this place there is a "flat," a mile or so wide, and then begins a range of hills, mountains almost; it is the same range that, starting at Cape Colville, runs all the length of that peninsula, and still on far inland to the lake country. We landed just at the gateway or entrance of a "pa" or native stockade, which was built within fifty yards of high-water mark, and only a few feet above that level.

Many natives, elaborately got up with paint and

feathers, came to meet us: all shook hands with the "pakeha;" most of them, indeed, knew Janson very well—some, I might say, were his personal friends.

How I did envy my Dutch skipper, who I then thought a prodigy of linguistical knowledge, so well he appeared to talk "Maori," though I had not been in the colony very long before I knew better, and that he spoke the language execrably; the natives, however, were far too gentlemanly even to smile at any of Janson's *mauvais* pronunciation.

There were four or five beautifully ornamented war-canoes drawn up on the beach where we had landed.

Believe me, a New Zealander's canoe is a work of art. "Whaka," is the native name, or rather the native generic term, for all canoes, of which there are many different kinds, as tete, pekatu, kopapa, and others answering in variety to our several descriptions of boats, as a "gig," a "whale-boat," a "skiff," a "dingy," &c.

Look at a Whaka Maori! You cannot suggest any improvement on the "lines;" it is, in fact, the very thing to slip through smooth water, without causing much perturbation or rippling.

They are not well adapted for very rough water,

though, with skilful management, and by carefully watching the weather, they can be sailed or paddled along the coast from place to place.

Except the larger ones, they are made out of one log: the best and most lasting for the purpose is the totara-tree. Canoes are also dubbed out of the kauri, remu, kaikatia, &c.; but no timber is so suitable as the first named. There are totara canoes in the possession of the natives reputed to have been in use upwards of a hundred years.

The large war-canoes, whaka taua, are constructed out of five principal pieces, first the main part which has been "dug out" of a huge tree, to which is scarfed, and securely fixed by lashing, projecting pieces of timber, adding some eight feet more of length to either end, and forming stern and stem. Along the sides, from end to end, are lashed the top sides.

Above the stem there is a wonderful carved figure-head, while over the stern, a lofty piece of fretted carving is placed some six feet higher than the gunwale. The top sides, and whole concern is stiffened and held together by thwarts, skilfully fixed and lashed, flush, on the top of the gunwale.

The largest attempt at canoe-building I ever saw

was an unfinished one, at Taupo, twenty miles from Auckland. It was hewn out of a monster kauri-tree, and would have been, when finished, about nine feet beam, and I forget how many feet over the "century" this "Great Eastern" of "dug-outs" was to have been in length.

This, however, was an exceptional effort, a folly, a tremendous waste of muscle, in converting good timber into—chips. A fair sized war-canoe would measure about ninety feet in length, by five beam, and have thwarts for sixty paddlers, double banked.

The New Zealander never uses an outrigger to keep his canoe from capsizing when under canvas, and, consequently, carries less sail in proportion to the size of his craft than do the other Polynesians.

It is difficult to surmise what the canoes were like, that the progenitors of the Maori's race navigated across so many thousand miles of ocean, from the mythical Hawaiki to New Zealand. The natives assert that this long voyage was accomplished by their forefathers in many very *big canoes*, and yet in the story of these aboriginal pioneers, we hear of them dragging one of their canoes, the *Tainui*, from the Waitemata overland to Manukau, no great distance to be sure, and often done since; but still

a feat hardly practicable, if the vessel were of any great size, and without the aid of modern and civilized means and appliances.

If, again, they sailed across the ocean in canoes no more seaworthy than those at present in use amongst them, they must have been remarkably lucky in having favourable wind and weather.

For the past half century the natives have had the advantage of European steel tools in the construction of their canoes, notably, the adze, and a one-handed adze formed by lashing a carpenter's plane-iron to a wooden knee-shaped handle, after the same plan as their old-fashioned stone adzes.

To hew a canoe into shape, and dig it out, having the aid of Yankee axes, iron wedges, and good ship-wright's adzes is no small undertaking, but what a labour! with nothing, save the uncertain aid of fire, hard wood wedges, and tools of "jade."

The little boat I see in England called a "canoe" is a poor thing that would produce fits of laughter in a "Maori," the long, ugly, two-bladed paddle dipped on each side alternately. What a joke to see any one at it, particularly as he is thinking, complacently, that he is doing it all so "splendiferously."

Now look at the other picture. A kopapa to carry one or two, even three at a pinch, let us say one; you sit at about a third of the whole length from the stern, you paddle on *one side*, with an artistically made tool five feet long: be sure as you dig the blade almost perpendicularly into the water that a crisp peculiar sound is produced, and a very slight twist as it rises from immersion steers the craft.

The "pa," in front of which we landed, was not much of a fortification, being merely composed of poles of no great size stuck upright in the ground and close together, with a stronger one at intervals, whilst stout pieces of timber were securely fixed horizontally, by a good lashing of "Toro Toro" vine, keeping the whole length of wall firm and straight.

At the corners and at other places in the structure were wonderful attempts at carving to represent the human form divine; fearful looking, red stained, obscene, grotesque, wooden figures, with a great amount of tongue lolling out of their mouths. All those native sculpturings are remarkably alike—a large oval face with a hook nose, hardly any arms, and not much length or bulk of leg.

At sundown there was a general assembling of

the natives for evening prayers; and most impressive it was, to see the apparent devotion of these new converts to Christianity. There might have been forty men, women, and children near the place where we stood.

They sang a hymn to "no tune almost," indeed, it seemed to be, then, *all discord,* though, in fact, a kind of parody on one of our easy church tunes, doctored by the missionaries to suit the Maori's small aptitude at psalmody; a prayer was read in addition to the hymn, and both at the singing and praying every one seemed very devout, and I said to myself, "Well! these natives must be the most sincere and Christian people in the world, they have the earnest faith of new converts, and are not yet debased by the vices of civilization.

"How happy they appear to be, living together like the members of a family. It is true they are only children in knowledge; but what is the good of learning, if it makes men in the long run bad and unhappy?

"I almost wish I was a Maori! surely it would be easy to be good here!"

Look at that woman sitting in the doorway of her hut, her face so calm and pure-looking; the man

talking to her must be her husband, and those two little people her children.

If she were a "white skin," I feel that she would be "bustling about," a thing I hate. The queen-like creature before me does no such thing, she is quiescent, and regards her husband with an abnegative kind of smile on her handsome brown face. No wonder that the missionaries have written such glowing accounts of the people of these islands, for they generally only saw the natives when "on their good behaviour," which good behaviour at proper seasons—with them is quite an art, in the theory and practice of which they are great proficients. It is the grand unwritten creed in all "Maoridom" that nothing is wrong unless found out, and then the disgrace of the crime, is secondary to the being so foolish a fellow "e kuware" as not to have kept dark his little peccadillo.

I was certainly a trifle disenchanted when I thought of all I had heard of their bad ways, and more so, perhaps, some half an hour afterwards, as Janson and I sat at the entrance of a long tent waiting for the flood tide, he talking and chaffing some girls who were busy cooking fish and potatoes in a "hangi," when a native man, whom I had

observed to be in no way behind his neighbours in the late singing and praying, turning to me, proposed in a stage-like whisper (Janson interpreting), that he would dispose of one of the damsels present to me for —well! we did not trade this time, for word came that the tide had turned, so we bade an affectionate good-bye to our new friends, and were pulled off to the schooner.

I may as well say here, for the benefit of those curious in market prices, that the above article might have been bought for, say, a double-barrelled gun, a pair of good blankets, and some tobacco, or equally the bargain would have been thought satisfactory—had a horse and a bag of flour been given, the latter necessary to be refilled at certain recurring intervals, and the vendor's pipe fairly supplied.

The arrangement in these transactions rarely implied that the "piece of goods" could be permanently removed from the immediate locality.

As a set-off to the foregoing little iniquity, I may say that in those times, and, indeed, even to this day —in places—no native ever coiled himself up in his blanket preparatory to passing the night, without first reading his prayers, *aloud*, from a book, and even if he could not read, he would still hold the

book as if he could, and repeat what he knew so well. If on a journey his book went with him—in general, as certainly as his pipe.

White men were lookers-on at these times, and rather scornful lookers-on, carelessly regarding the devotionalist, whom he suspected—if he accidentally bothered himself to think at all on the subject—as being one half hypocrite and the other fool.

Within a short half mile of this place, where we had so pleasantly passed the afternoon, about sixteen years afterwards were found some of the richest gold diggings that the world up to this has ever discovered, and it is a little curious that the native who wanted to "trade" with me as above, and who afterwards was my very good friend, was one of the first, if not the very first, to point out that gold was likely to be found in the Kuranui Creek.

A party of natives went off with us to the schooner, for the purpose of taking her up the river, and preventing her from "fouling" against certain fishing-stake arrangements, placed at intervals in the strength of the stream. This service was rendered, not to save the vessel from injury, but to preserve the stakes from certain destruction, should the schooner drift athwart them.

Janson and I did not care to "turn in," as there was too much noise going on, as with sweeps, and poles, and the dingy ahead, they kept the schooner clear of all obstruction. We had nothing to do, as they entirely took the management of the vessel into their own hands.

A few miles drift, with a four-knot tide under foot, brought us abreast of a "pa," partly in ruin, and uninhabited, located on the margin of the stream. The river here may be five hundred yards across, and the bush comes down close upon the back of the "pa."

It was at this place that one of those dreadful massacres took place, which certainly proclaimed savage man to be the most cruel of animals.

The New Zealander has little or no pity for the suffering of another, because, perhaps, he does not feel pain himself so acutely, for civilization tends to bring the nerves to the surface.

A *Redskin* will bear torture better than a white one, as also will a Maori, whose nerves are not so *alive* as our own, and are wanting, perhaps, in "encephalon," or the refining process developed through a civilized ancestry.

To return to the "pa." The famous chief "Hongi," in one of his expeditions, sailed up the Thames to

this place. He had fire-arms; the people in the "pa" had none: to be without was simply equivalent to a doom of annihilation, as it was in this case. The Maories ashore had a kind of platform overlooking the river, on which a select party of warriors now danced, protruding their tongues and quavering their hands, to intimidate those afloat.

"Hongi," with great calmness and deliberation, anchored his party nicely within range, and then had as pretty a bit of *battue* shooting, as ever fell to the luck of a mob of sportsmen.

The poor devils on the platform had never seen, or even, perhaps, heard of a gun before.

All this time we are drifting up the river; no light, or any signs of life ashore, except now and then the "Ruru's" cry of "more pork!" or, at longer intervals, the shout of the "Hoa."

At eleven miles from the mouth of the river, some one cooëd from the land, and with the unknown voice our natives had much talk; here they left us, and here, also, as the tide was spent, we dropped anchor for the night, and glad we were to turn into our bunks—bunks not over clean, and cabin not so sweet-smelling—but as surely as "hunger is the best sauce," so fatigue is the best opiate.

CHAPTER VI.

"Happy as Clams on a High Tide."

We started with the first of the flood-tide next morning, by ourselves this time, for the native we had brought from town left us here.

We drifted up with the tide, with an occasional flaw of wind in our favour, some ten miles more, when we again came to an anchor, opposite a settler's house, prettily placed at the edge of the bush, with a sloping grass paddock in front extending down to the river's side.

Here Janson was to load his schooner, for the tide had no strength much higher, so he expected to hear of canoes full of wheat and flax, from the settler ashore; and, sure enough, there was a letter from Mr. Alexander, the trader from whom we were to get our cargo.

Now, as my friend Janson had never "had time"

to acquire the art of reading, he handed the letter over to me to read for our mutual satisfaction.

Here it is—

The direction was in Maori, after this manner, "Kia Haniana te Rangitira O te Kaipuki," and the contents ran thus:—

"DEAR JANSON,

"There is a mob of natives coming over to this place from 'Waikato,' to have a talk about some land, and the tribe here will feast them, and are getting a lot of eels, and also many shark from Tauranga, so that I can find no men to take the canoes down the river to you, nor shall I be able to do so for a week to come.

"If you will leave the schooner in the care of Mr. Leak you can come back with the bearer of this in my 'kopapa.' She pulls very light, and you may do the trip in two days if you stick at it, and I will find you a horse to ride about and see the country, and other New Zealand hospitalities shall not be wanting."

"Well," said Janson, "what shall we do?"

"It is all very well for you," I replied, "who are asked, and are to be mounted, and can thus ride

about and see the country. I wonder if I could go with you?"

"Of course you must. Mr. Alexander is a capital fellow. You know him, don't you?"

We were in the middle of this discussion when Mr. Alexander's native came up—a good-looking young fellow rejoicing in the name of "Rawiri," which, oh, my reader! is an attempt to say "David." He was better dressed than most Maories, as became a hanger on at a white man's house, and one who understood the ways of the "pakeha."

A pleasant gay Lothario of a youth was our Rawiri, and he soon settled the matter in hand, as to whether I was to be of the party up to "his pakaha kianga" in the affirmative, and half an hour afterwards we were paddling against the stream close in to the shore, 'Rawiri' singing a love song at the very top of his voice which might certainly have been heard a mile away: a song, if Janson's rendering were correct, that had better not be written down.

He took a great fancy to me did this young fellow, and set to work to instruct me in Maori, taking much pleasure in first, as a kind of elementary course, teaching me to swear, at the same time enjoining

your humble servant to use much discretion in that form of conversation as the 'Maori' had very cogent objections to being anathematized in his own language; and advising me, should I ever be angry with natives, and feel an uncontrollable necessity to relieve my feelings by an outpouring of strong language, to be sure and use the English phraseology, which would not be understood and might convey the idea of compliments, blessings, or anything else to the native mind.

That afternoon we passed a small native settlement, inhabited by a slave tribe, who, I understood, lived on a kind of sufferance, paying a rent in eels for their worthless lives to the great chief "Taraia."

When night came we camped, building a very rough hut, a roof only, with one end on the ground, and so forming some shelter on the windward side, and this, with a good fire in front, made us as comfortable and jolly as travellers canoeing it could desire.

On again, the next day, we paddled against a four-knot stream, through a level country, at least on the western side, but on the left-hand or eastern bank, the ranges—mountains, indeed, they might be called —commence within a few miles of the river.

I thought the district fine, and that some day,

in years to come, towns and villages would rise on either side and steamers ply on and on into the heart of the country.

We always landed for a midday meal; once—it was on the second day—we saw some hot springs at the foot of the "Aroha, Love Mountain." Rawiri said they ebbed and flowed in perfect unison with the tide at Tauranga, a harbour on the east coast, full thirty miles distant. However that may be, it was low water with the springs during the time of our visit.

A pleasant voyage was this canoeing up the Thames.

We never got ajar. With Rawiri it would have been impossible to quarrel, even if one had the most fractious of tempers, and, as to Janson, he was gruffily happy, growling less than e'er a mariner I had met before, although growling is to seamen a solace and relief.

He also told us stories half in English and half in Maori, which last rather doubtful linguistical performance was for the supposed edification of Rawiri. His stories related to his early seafaring life, and certain voyages he had taken from the Brazils to the Mozambique and back with cargoes of slaves.

Here is one of Janson's stories:—

"Just off the Brazilian coast there is an island called Maranham, a hot place as you may suppose when I tell you that it is little over two degrees south of the line.

"I once shipped myself from the port there in a fine three-masted schooner as carpenter and second mate. Our 'old man,' the skipper, was a Yankee, and a believer in the power and virtue of much swearing, together with the free use of his fists, or even a belaying-pin, on the heads of any of his crew who did not please him; indeed he was a 'worshipper of force,' as became the captain of a slaver.

"We were bound for 'Quilimani' in the Mozambique for a cargo of slaves.

"Had I any scruples about trading in my fellow-creatures, do you ask?

"No, why should I? They were well cared for on the voyage. We kept them laughing and singing as much as possible, and fed them well. Why, bless you some who were mere scarecrows when first we got them on board, after a few weeks at sea, with good food and plenty of it, became as glossy and handsome as ever it is the nature of a nigger to attain.

"Some people make a great fuss about the wickedness of the slave-trade.

"I, for my part, think that there is nothing much wrong about it, seeing that black fellows are mostly quite happy as slaves. Why! they are not like white folks, but are contented when they have a master who has to find them in food and everything, and they have nothing to think about or bother themselves with except their work, and that is generally light enough; lighter by far than that of the working classes in Europe. I would as lief be a blackfellow and a slave in the Brazils as an agricultural labourer in some of the English counties.

"On our outward voyage our skipper and I 'got across,' as he did indeed with most of us, and some of the men he handled rather roughly, but he kept his hands off me, which was well, for I never allow any one to do that sort of thing.

"However, in due time we arrived at Quilimani, and took in our cargo of live-stock, and were well on our way home, our longitude being about 30° west, when the captain and I again fell out.

"I was dressing up a spar which we intended for a new main-boom, and dubbing it into shape with my adze, when our 'old man' came up and found some

fault with my work—unnecessary fault as I thought, and from high words we well nigh got to more than blows, I having my adze in my hand, and in the heat of the angry argument, flourishing it rather near, I suppose, to the skipper's head, though I never thought of hurting him, and he, perhaps, only wanting an excuse to quarrel outright, without more ado whipped a pistol from his pocket and let fly at me; how he missed I cannot tell, possibly he only wanted to frighten me; however, luckily for him and for me as well, the mate and some of the men got between us, or I should certainly have cut him down with the adze.

"I was not put in irons, but sent to my cabin, which was my workshop as well; being second mate, I was exempt the irons, in a case like this.

"You ask how, not being able to read or write, I could help to work the reckoning.

"The captain and mate did that, I only attending to the heaving of the 'log,' and I can write as much as is required to keep the dead reckoning—on a slate.

"What I dreaded most now that I was in this plight was the likelihood of a long imprisonment when we got into port, for what would be called an attempt upon the captain's life, and I well knew that justice

ashore was not impartial, taking sides with the skipper, and listening to his version of a story rather than to 'forecastle' evidence. And rightly, too, I must admit, else how could discipline be maintained on board ship in the merchant-service.

"I had seen a ship (shortly before my altercation with the captain) coming up before the wind on our quarter, and had judged that she would cross our course, and, not far from us, soon after dark.

"If I could only get aboard of that ship. I thought of gently lowering one of the boats during the night, and of taking my chance of being picked up by her or some other vessel. But no, that could not be done without the mate or the captain—who would now take my watch—hearing me.

"I crept out of my cabin and went forward, to have another look at the ship, which, although now dark, I could see by her lights to be nearing us fast.

"Although the risk was great I determined to slip over the side, and make an effort to get within hail by swimming. One thing greatly in my favour was the calmness of the sea. Returning to my cabin, my eye lighted upon certain empty five-gallon oil-drums, and with the idea that I could form these into a kind of raft, I proceeded to lash three of them

together end to end, using a light piece of timber to stiffen and help to hold them secure. It was quite dark now, and I had little fear of any notice being taken of my movements by the crew.

"These three cans I then carried forward, hanging them by a short 'lanyard' over the bulwarks to windward, and returning to my cabin, continued my work by lashing the other three drums in like manner; this lot I also carried forward, and perching myself on the bobstay, just by the 'dolphin striker,' I set to work to fix all together.

"The drums formed, as I had arranged them, two light and very buoyant cylinders, twelve inches in diameter by about six feet long, and I completed my raft by lashing three pieces of board from one set of oil-cans to the other, thus keeping them about four feet apart.

"I was just about launching my novel craft when I bethought me of a lantern I had, so I returned for it, and for a box of matches, which latter I placed in my cap; I also stuffed some biscuits and tobacco into my pockets, and on my way forward I picked up an oval-shaped boat's water-keg, into this I bailed some four or five 'dippers' full from the cook's fresh-water cask; but lacking a bung, I took a broom-

handle I knew of; it fitted the hole very well, and was handy in another way as I shall tell you presently.

"It was a nice calculation to decide when to leave the schooner, and what made it more difficult was that the wind had fallen much lighter, and by that means I was thrown out of my daylight reckoning.

"There was the ship to be seen, but only seeing her lights left me very uncertain as to her distance, and when she would cross our track.

"I returned once more to the deck of the schooner to get an old oar-blade to serve me as a paddle, and then, not without some fear as to the wisdom of my venture, I launched my raft, and let myself down very 'gingerly' upon her. I found that she would bear me very well when seated, and letting my legs dangle in the water, so without more thought I pushed well off from the schooner.

"Until I was fairly clear you may be sure I was as still as possible; had, however, any one been looking astern as the schooner forged ahead, I must have been observed.

"I soon found that the ship was nearing me, for every now and then when I rose on the top of a swell, I could see the 'loom' of her through the darkness.

"I might have been half an hour on my raft, when

I judged by the quickly diminishing distance between the ship and myself, that now was my chance to make myself seen and heard, so first I carefully lashed my lantern to the broom-handle, the other end being still fixed in the water-keg, and then having lit it, elevated the light. I then commenced shouting and otherwise making a noise by striking the flat of my paddle on the sea.

"Soon, to my great joy, those on the ship returned my hail, and the next minute I saw that they had slightly altered their course, and were now steering straight in my direction.

"Another five minutes, and when within fifty yards, I sung out for them to be ready with a rope; and again, when nearer, to 'port' a little, or they would run me down; presently the rope came, and I quickly made it fast to the cross-piece at the fore end of my raft, and with many a helping hand I gained the deck of the *Charles Martel*—Captain Dykes—Wool ship from Sydney—Homeward bound."

Our canoe, *Kopapa*, was a light one to pull, and we manned it famously. Janson sat in the stern; "Te Ke" (Rawiri) took the bow; "Te Ihu" (I) was located about midships, and, although we made good

way, we did not burst ourselves with hard pulling. The beauty of paddling is that any one of the crew can "take a spell" without throwing the rest much out, whilst the man in the bow can steer nearly as conveniently as the sternmost "hand."

Near the Aroha mountains a stream, called "Te Kohea," empties itself into the Thames, and here there are some rapids up which we had to pole, "Toko." When I say "we," I mean "Rawiri," for our canoe was too crank for more than one to stand up in her at a time, and at one place where the current ran at the "rate of knots," he got out, and, wading, forced us along to where the stream was more tranquil.

It was late in the afternoon of the third day when we got to the landing-place, and were there heartily welcomed by Mr. Alexander; no occasion to doubt his hospitality. He made it appear, and us to feel, that we were conferring a great boon upon him, by coming to cheer his solitariness.

"For you see," he said, "although on first-rate terms with all the Maories about here, they are, after all, not like ourselves."

A remark I most thoroughly indorsed in after-years; but at the time of which I write everything

was so new, so "rose-coloured," and delightful, that I thought it would be anything but a hardship to live "*à la* Pakeha Maori."

Janson and I were soon quite at home, and with Rawiri to help, rigged up a sleeping-tent, for our kind host's house was not big enough for our accommodation.

O! glorious times of it had Janson and self during our sojourn up country.

The first evening we laid our plans how we should spend the following week, and the programme included a visit to the Lake district, riding round by Tauranga and Maketu. But if I were to give a sketch only of what we saw, and of the fun we had, I fear my narrative would be too long, and besides this, a description of Rotorua, the lakes and hot-springs, has appeared in several books already, so I will forbear, fearing to saddle my story with too much egotistication, a blemish impossible to be altogether avoided by an autobiographist.

The scheme for our start in the morning being fully matured, we fell to talking of native manners and customs. Mr. Alexander, who spoke the language well, and knew the Maori habits and traditions, told us many interesting stories of the "good old times."

Just one I am tempted to relate for the particular behoof and advantage of the *habitués* of Exeter Hall:—

ALEXANDER'S STORY.

"Not many years ago the bulk of the natives still remained heathen, and as a friend of mine was the means of Christianizing a certain tribe, with some little help from myself, I have it in my power to let you into a bit of catechetical knowledge, evidently unknown to the missionaries.

"You may have heard what a large and powerful tribe the Ngati —— are, and how in some things they are in advance of their neighbours, as I may instance, their never having recourse to fern-root as an article of food, generally growing sufficient wheat and potatoes, and rearing a quantity of pigs, to carry them over the months of scarcity.

"Of course it was an important object, as you may suppose, to gain such a tribe over to Christianity. Well, after much labour, the missionaries persuaded these people of the truth of this, to them, new religion. The next step was to teach them, in some infinitesimal manner, the tenets of the Church of England.

"I never threw any obstacle in the way of this wholesale conversion, as I might have done; on the contrary, as you will readily concede by-and-by, I helped them considerably.

"That some missionaries are good men and true, I will admit, but too many of them are narrow-minded ignorant fellows, who do a prodigious amount of harm to civilization; and others, again, are real bad, in fact professors of the right, but failing lamentably, which is more conspicuous because they are professors.

"I must say that I never knew of a Roman Catholic missionary going wrong, not that I belong to his faith, or for one moment assent to his rubbish, only I speak of men as I find them; and those who hail from Rome have my leave to wear the above feather in their head-gear if they think it any ornament.

"The natives were apt pupils, and in a short time were thought competent to pass their examinations, as, indeed, the greater number were; for could they not repeat the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and the Ten Commandments quite glibly in their own Maori?

"In due course, a time and place were fixed upon when all the tribe should receive the sacrament of baptism, and the principal dignitaries of the church were to be present, to assist the local missionary at

the ceremony. A happy state of things that had only one little drawback, in the shape of an old highly-tatooed and much-respected chief; scion of an illustrious ancestry, who, now far advanced in years and infirmity, could not be taught these new formularies of the 'pakeha.'

"The poor old fellow had every wish to learn, but found them all so extremely hard to remember, more so, perhaps, as in rendering the above three universal Christian formularies into Maori the translators had to coin several new words that had no previous existence in the New Zealander's vocabulary, English words being so transmogrified to fit the native's powers of pronunciation as to be very far from English, and yet not much like Maori.

"It just came to this, that if the old warrior could not pass the ordeal, and it was quite plain to all of them that he never would, then not one of the Ngati—— would forsake their ancient traditions and old ideas of omnipotence, nor, as it were, leave their elderly clansman in the lurch to go to —— by himself.

"It was during this dilemma that some of the young men of the tribe thought of applying to my friend, McCosh, and he was found equal to the occasion.

"He first interviewed the old chief, and finding it quite hopeless to teach him anything beyond the fixity of the thought of his great Maori heart, McCosh had recourse to the following expedient:

"*McCosh.*—'Friend Ahoa, how many Commandments are there?'

"*Old Chief.*—'Te kau—ten.'

"*McCosh.*—'No, there are eleven.'

"*Old Chief.*—'Ah! very dark is my heart; I am never correct.'

"*McCosh.*—'If you will be taught by me, the bishop and the missionaries will say you are great in your knowledge, and all will be well, and as your tribe, the Ngati—— wish.'

"*Old Chief.*—'Talk on to me.'

"*McCosh.*—'Well, when all the people and the Missionaries are met, to bring this to a good and happy termination, you, who are an old man and a great chief, will first be asked, probably, the very question I put to you just now, and you will say eleven. Then some one will be sure to tell you that there are only ten, but do not mind them; think of me, and repeat "Te kau ma tahi"—eleven. After awhile you will be asked, "And what is the eleventh commandment?" and you must say: "He ture hou taku ka hoatu nei

ki a koutou, kia aroha koutou tetahi ki tetahi;"—"A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another."'

"The day came at length," continued Mr. Alexander, "and with it certain clergymen of the English church, the natives receiving them with all the courtesy and gentlemanly bearing inherent in these people.

"We were the only white men in the secret, and were somewhat curious to know how it all would go off, and took up a station where we could see and hear what passed without being observed ourselves.

"By-and-by, sure enough, as McCosh had so cleverly foreseen, our patriarchal friend and pupil was spoken to, kindly, almost affectionately, to put away his old superstitions, and, in their stead, to embrace Christianity. All this the old man understood, and replied to, after the manner of his people, in a speech of few and well-chosen words, often looking in our direction, knowing where we lay *perdue*.

"This was rather alarming, for I felt sure the old fellow would appeal to McCosh if he broke down or was at fault, and that, you may suppose, was a consummation we by no means desired, and I think we

should have left the place, only that was not possible without drawing the attention of all upon us.

"The reverend examining clergyman felt, we thought, that his neophyte must necessarily be in a state of vacuity as to the matter in hand, and, possibly, he had been told not to expect much from so old a man.

"The first two or three questions were such as conveyed a plain clue to the answer, and needed only a 'yes' or a 'no.'

"After a little of this, McCosh's question was put.

"We held our breath, and wished we were a mile away.

"'Te kau ma tahi' replied the old chief.

The missionary party looked aghast and at each other, and those natives who were not in the secret appeared surprised at his great stupidity, and even those who were cognisant of my friend McCosh's coaching, looked blank.

"They tried to prompt him with both natives and Europeans. True, however, to his compact with my friend, he stuck to the odd number.

"There was a whispered conference amongst the clergymen, when one of them (never mind his name, it ought to have been Gamaliel) said, 'Ahoa, friend,

There are but ten commandments. You, however, say there is one more. Pray tell us what that other is of which you speak.'

"Now was the old warrior's chance, and well he played his part, by replying to the astonished and greatly-relieved missionaries, 'He ture hou taku ka hoatu nei ki a koutou, kia aroha koutou, tetahi ki tetahi.'

"One great dignitary of the Church was so delighted that, in the enthusiasm of the moment, he clapped our copper-coloured ancient on the back.

"They asked him no more questions. What need to interrogate further a man who could quote Scripture so happily?"

E. Crewe (*loq.*)—"And do you think that most of the Maories are good and earnest Christians?"

Mr. Alexander (*loq.*)—"Well, you see, Mr. Crewe, it is difficult to know what is good, and as to Christianity, we have all been told how simple its tenets are; and yet there are hardly two of us who agree together on its many complicated points of doctrine.

"What piles and piles of books have been written on theology! It would be a nice calculation to approximate to the number of miles they would

attain in altitude if stacked on the top of one another.

"There are, however, simple natural facts in this world easy for any mind one remove above an idiot to grasp, and which all admit as truths."

"I say," said Janson, interrupting him, "that twenty shillings go to a sovereign is a simple fact in my estimation."

Mr. Alexander (*loq.*).—"Yes, yes, Janson, you are so practical, and right, too, as far as sublunary arrangements are concerned.

"If we ourselves mostly differ in opinion on religious subjects, how is it likely that these poor devils of Maories can understand much about these matters, more particularly as many of them begin to receive religious instruction late in life, and have to learn the signification of many new words and to match new thoughts against confirmed but very antagonistical superstitions. They readily admit Christianity into their code of morals and way of life, but still retain a lot of their old delusions. As I may instance, the bedevilment of men, women, and children. You see these few natives I have about me. They are, I flatter myself, more intelligent and less likely to be bigoted than those up at the settlement, and yet not

one of them but implicitly believes in certain powers of witchcraft, "Makutu;" and if it chanced that one of them got so bedeviled he would die of no *known sickness* as surely as if he was consumed by some slow poison, unless he was as it were only lightly touched by this mental dethronement, and "E Tohunga"—a priest, telling him to strip naked and stand before him would, muttering some wonderful charm, effect a cure.

"I have wondered at times that any of them embraced Christianity, acknowledging as they do the power of their 'Atua Maori,' and how could they help believing in the dread horror, when it was no uncommon thing to see a strong man die because he had broken some great 'Tapu?'

"If we had been Maories we should have thought the same; indeed I do myself think that there is 'something in it,' something wonderfully and mysteriously unaccountable.

"The promise of a better place, a Heaven after death, was the main inducement that turned the natives to listen to the missionaries and to become Christians—it was an ecstacy of thought unknown to them before."

After our return from the lake country we still

had a detention of two days before the men and canoes were ready for a start down the river.

I was glad of this, and should not have minded staying any length of time, amusing myself doing nothing, unless the very mild amount of mental exertion I applied to learning Maori could be called something.

I would endeavour to converse with the natives, of whom many were always about, asking the name of anything. These I would write down, and in the evening get Mr. Alexander to correct my spelling and otherwise set me right. It is easy to remember words used to name anything, but to string sentences together is more difficult, whilst thinking in English and speaking in Maori has a grotesque and unfamiliar sound to the native ear. One trouble to the learner is that natives will persist in talking easy "pigeon" Maori to new "pakehas;" perhaps that is one reason why so few Europeans "talk Maori well," though many know enough of the language for ordinary purposes, such as buying or selling.

Amongst others there was a native chief, I will call him "Hau Tapu," though in truth I forget his name. He appeared to have taken a great fancy to me, and wished me to start a store at his "kianga"

settlement, which was about twenty miles from Mr. Alexander's, where we were. He said that the natives all the country round about would bring me for sale a great amount of "muka," scraped flax—any quantity of pigs, and wheat without end. "For," he continued, "you are, I see, a tangata ngaweri,"—an "easy going fellow,"—and not like Mr. Alexander, who, he said, was "pakeki,"—hard to deal with. My new friend "Hau Tapu" further endeavoured to induce me to come and live amongst his people by offering me a wife.

"There, she is a wife for you," he said, nodding his head in the direction of a good-looking native young lady, at that moment employed in scraping potatoes with a pipi-shell.

"What is her name?" I asked, hardly knowing what to say in answer to such a proposal, all the more difficult as the girl was only some half-dozen paces off and knew what we were talking about.

"Her name is 'Te Ote'—'Oats,'" replied my friend.

I am naturally a shy man, having little or none of that worldly and very useful commodity denominated "cheek." However, I was curious to hear what the girl would say to the suggestion, so, with an amount

of courage I did not think that I possessed, I turned and asked her what she thought of this arrangement.

She replied by a remark signifying that she did not know.

Here was I in New Zealand, and having a wife offered for my acceptance at every turn. And, now I think of it, I uphold it is far the better plan for the parents or next-of-kin to settle the matrimonial alliances of the young, for the latter have in England and some few other parts, erroneous and unnatural ideas on this subject, which are acquired from hearsay, talk, and the circulating library.

> "Therefore is love said to be a child,
> Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd."

To be an old maid or bachelor is a consummation undesirable to most of us, and yet when we look round amongst our friends it is plain to see that few are happily married, that you could count the lucky couples ("the Jacks who have found their Jills") on your fingers. Why is this?

Because young people and old ones, too, are not the best judges of what is required in the choice of a wedded mate for themselves.

If you are downright ill you send for a medical man; a doctor even rarely prescribes for himself.

A man who is his own lawyer has a fool for his client, and at times we even say our prayers by proxy.

So, also, I maintain that it would be a benefit to society at large if parents or guardians sought out husbands and wives for their children, betrothing them when in their teens, and making it a legal, binding arrangement at so much money—the sum fairly stated, if either party cried off.

It was two weeks since Janson and I had left the schooner. They were about the happiest two weeks I ever spent in my life, and I was rather loath to go, but there were the canoes loaded deep down with wheat and flax, and all were ready for the voyage down the river. "Haere, Haere," sung out those on shore to those in the canoe. "Enoho," replied the crews as they paddled away.

I bade an affectionate farewell to 'Te Oti,' telling her, I am afraid, that I would be sure and come back, and that whilst I was away I should think of nothing else but of her only. I also gave her eight yards of Navy blue print (which every one knows is enough for a "roundabout"), two new pipes, and some tobacco, all which gifts she seemed to appreciate more than anything I could say to her.

Once aboard, the stream quickly carried us round a bend, and we could see our kind friends no more.

It was mid-day when we started, and all the rest of the day until late in the evening we shot along at a great rate, for the stream runs fast, and the Maori crew stuck to their paddling manfully. Then we made the canoes fast, and camped ashore for the night.

On again the next morning, and at about two o'clock in the afternoon we arrived at our destination, when Janson immediately set to work, with the natives' help, to get his cargo into the schooner, whilst I went ashore to stretch my legs, which were cramped with long sitting in the canoe.

Janson and I were that evening again left by ourselves, and I thought as I "lay me down" in my bunk, in the smelly, dirty cabin, that it was a change greatly for the worse, and what with fleas, and the stench from the bilge water, I was in no very amiable state of mind, and most heartily wished myself back again in my tent on the river side, where I had slept during my stay at Mr. Alexander's.

The next morning we dropped down stream, coming to an anchor at the same place where we had passed the first night on our way up the river.

Here we got a deck-load of sawn timber, so it was afternoon before we were again under weigh. However, we got to the mouth of the river before the tide was "done," having had a good leading wind for some distance down, and it still holding, we made our way out into the Frith, groping our way along, for by this time it was dark, by feeling the bottom as we went with a long pole. The channel here is mud on one side, but sand on the other, so that it is no hard matter with a leading wind to keep right.

"It was here," said Janson, "over by those mangroves, that I once was aground, if you could call such soft mud ground; it is more like treacle, being in places quite as soft: you can push a pole down into it ten feet or more, using only one finger. Well, I got stuck there once on my way up this river: the tide left me, not high and dry, but in the mud, sunk nearly as deep as if I had been in water. I thought it was all right, and that the next flood tide would take me on up the river, and no bother. You know how flat in the floor is this vessel; as the water rose the air did not get under, and the tide rising higher and higher, I could not get a rope under her. I could get nothing under the schooner, but was only able to push a pole into the mud at her side; I also

could just rock her a little by hoisting the main-boom well up the mast, and working it from side to side. The water at length was deep on the deck, and was beginning to trickle over the combings of the hatch, when up she rose with such a surge as nearly to throw us all down; however, the schooner was safe. If she had not risen when she did, but had filled with mud and water, I should have had great trouble in getting her off, more particularly as it was during a high spring tide that this happened."

"Well, Janson, I hope we shall have no mishaps this voyage; if this wind only lasts we shall be in town by morning." It seemed not only inclined to last, but took to blowing harder, and along we plunged through the sea right furiously.

The only drawback now was that friend Janson began to feel very ill, possibly he had eaten something that had disagreed with him; however, he fast became worse. Somehow he managed to get below, and into his bunk, where he lay helpless and groaning; he really was very ill, and I was much frightened, for I could not leave the deck to help him, indeed had as much as ever I could do to mind my steering, and as the wind began to blow harder, I wished I had some of the sail in.

I also was not very sure of our course, for although the night was light enough to see the loom of the land we were leaving, I could not as yet sight the other side of the Frith. There was a compass to be sure, but it was stowed away somewhere in the cabin. Janson, I was convinced, was far too ill with this terrific cramp in his stomach to look for it, and I could not leave the steering to find it with the wind as it was, so all I could do was to keep a good look-out as we rushed through the water at a tremendous rate.

We must have been running upwards of an hour when I began to see the land on the other side of the gulf, whilst the mountains astern were lost in the darkness. Janson was now a little better, he said, but would not, or perhaps could not, come on deck. On we drove before the wind for another half-hour, I was nearly sure the opening I saw ahead of me in the land was the Sandspit passage, to steer through which, however, with a gale of wind astern, and a heavy sea, was an operation of considerable risk, more particularly to one like myself, who had so little knowledge of the place; I had only been through the passage once before, and then as I was asleep in my bunk, I could not now possess much

acquaintance with the locality. Janson had told me of the spit of sand that ran out from the cone-shaped island, and to keep well in with the rocks on the Motunou shore.

On we drove; at times I thought there was no channel ahead of us at all, and that we were steering right on to the shore, where, above the sing of the gale through the rigging, and the rush of the schooner through the water, I could hear the surf breaking angrily.

"Janson!" I shouted, "you must get up and see where we are going, it is blowing like anything, and we are close in with the shore."

"You are all right," he replied, "look out for the 'break' on the spit, and keep pretty close to the other island."

"Yes; but Janson, I am not sure that we are right; it is so dark, and I was never here before, at least, to see the place, and I have no ambition to run the schooner ashore."

"No fear!" he replied, "you just steer her, the old girl knows the way!" Saying which he turned over in his bunk to try and sleep, utterly ignoring the possibility of his vessel becoming a wreck in the course of the next five minutes.

It was hopeless talking to him, and left alone, I nerved myself to do my utmost to bring the schooner through.

Did "she" really know the way? Whether it was from over-excitement and fatigue, or from the intense strain upon my eyes in trying all along to pierce the darkness, I began to feel somewhat like a fellow after taking too much grog, and even to think that the vessel had some instinct or perception of what she and myself were after.

Will all my readers deny the possibility of any perception in some of the complicated contrivances men have put together?

I cleared the passage, and the shores, receding on either side, gave me plenty of sea-room.

Another hour and Janson appeared on deck nearly himself again, though rather weak, he said.

By daylight we had dropped our anchor off the town.

CHAPTER VII.

"There is an ancient received tradition of the salamander that it liveth in the fire, and hath force also to extinguish the fire."—BACON.

I WAS again in Auckland with no occupation, and not much money in my pocket, I certainly could have gone voyaging again with Janson, but I had had enough of sailing in his schooner for a time.

It is an easy thing to make money out of capital, though it is easier, perhaps, to lose it. I had no capital, so was not troubled that way. I am one of those who never could work for another in a dirty, drudging, monotonous kind of way. I have always been an "employer," and only on rare occasions been one of the "employed;" one of the great rules of life is to keep your coat on: it is wiser and more intellectual to "boss" other people than to be "bossed;" a worker with his hands seldom makes much money.

Why is this?

Because he has not time to think and work as well, and has to pay another to think for him.

Head-work is the only sort that pays properly, for example: I have only one pair of hands, and the value of my work does not greatly exceed the cost of my food and clothing. But if I employ ten men I make a little—if I am "spry"—out of every "hand's" labour, for my ten men will get through more "gang work" in one day than I could accomplish in ten; better still if you can employ twenty men, fifty, or a hundred, gentle reader, become if you are not one already—a thinker, don't be selfish, think for other people!

I devoted the next six weeks to the construction of a boat. My object in this was to have a means of voyaging about mainly to certain localities I had heard of, as having any amount of Kauri forest, coupled with a good site for a sawmill; also to have an eye to the mineral resources of the country, and to collect and preserve what birds I could. I hoped that before I should have completed my boat to find some one to join with me in these expeditions. I had tools, and boat fastenings, nails, &c., that I had brought from England, and fortunately had had

some experience in this handicraft, and as this boat turned out afterwards most useful and seaworthy, I am tempted to give her dimensions, and some other information on this subject.

I built her whale-boat fashion, twenty-nine feet over all, five feet eight inches beam, and two feet deep midships, sharp at both ends, the stern more bluff above the water-line than the bow.

The keel, a piece of hard wood, twenty-four feet long, by one and three-quarter inches, the stem and stern-posts attached and projecting with a graceful sweep equally over each end two feet six inches, and rising three feet three inches.

I was fortunate in getting some mangio-boards to build her with, from my friends at the sawmill, and young Seth Fearnley sent me, at the same time, a good supply of Rata vines for timbers, and Pohutukawa for knees; the garboard streak was half an inch thick, above that a full three-eighths, except at the main bend midships, where I left the upper edge of each board a little fuller; I arranged the thwarts so that she would pull with five oars, two on one side, three on the other, and to steer with a long steer oar, which is a plan greatly superior for a boat of this description to the ordinary rudder.

I had her partly covered in, both fore and aft, about five feet, thus forming a convenient place to stow anything away; I rigged my craft with a lug-sail forward, and a spritsail aft, and found her to work very well: neither sail was of any great size, but if, when blowing hard, there was occasion to take some sail in, I unshipped the foremast and set the spritsail in its place, thus using only one sail. I can assure you that a boat fashioned as above will live in very heavy weather.

After all was complete I took her for a trial, without any companion, up the river, to my friends at the mill.

The wind was ahead when I set sail, but there was plenty of it, and, with a good flood-tide in my favour, I was not very long before I had "turned" her all the way to the mouth of the creek; when I gained a certain reach, I cooed, thinking some of them might chance to hear, for though a full mile by water, by land I was just then less than half that distance.

Ahead of me, paddling up the creek, were a pair of drunken sawyers in a canoe; they were quarrelsome and inclined to be fightative with each other, a risky amusement in so crank a vessel.

And sure enough I had not watched the pair long,

before the canoe first half filled with water, and then turned over, precipitating the noisy drunkards into the stream. They were incapable from too much grog, or else lacked skill, to swim. At this moment I espied Jael Fearnley standing on the bank, and shouting for her to jump on board my boat, when near enough for her to do so, I steered close in, sailing past at a great rate with the wind astern, and rubbing against the shore; Jael accomplished this rather acrobatic feat very cleverly. I could see all this time the inebriated pair ahead of me, trying to hold on to the slippery bottom of the canoe—a most difficult achievement—and if not quickly relieved by me, they would certainly have been drowned.

We were nearing them fast, so brailing up the spritsail, I told Jael to seize hold of one of the men as we came up to them, and that I would take the other, first letting go the haliyards of the lug. The two wet, half-drowned, and miserable sinners were much frightened, and quite sobered; vowing all manner of reformations, as we drew them on board, one at a time, it taking all my strength to haul the limp creatures over the gunwale.

"Mr. Fearnley," I said, as we sat before the fire, that evening, "will those two sawyers whom Jael

and I pulled out of the creek be better men after looking death so closely in the face? One is an Irishman, and most probably a Roman Catholic; the other, I daresay, *thinks* he belongs to some church or sect."

"They will not think much about the matter," replied Mr. Fearnley; "men are always loath to believe themselves to be very bad, and, without knowing it, hope, and therefore, hoping, doubt the teaching that proclaims horrific torments after death to the greater portion of poor humanity.

"The Roman Catholic is the best off, for his church has told him all his duties; and what he has got to do is to ask no questions; indeed, she thinks for him. The mass of mankind would be happier to have it so, blindly believing in their church, as they necessarily must who neglect inquiry.

"Most other Christian believers are encouraged to read their Bibles, and to think for themselves; one result of which has been to split them up into over fifty different sects."

"Well, Mr. Fearnley, you have travelled and knocked about, seeing and knowing many people, and reading, also, not a few books—I should like to hear your opinion."

"My opinion," he replied, "is that it is all a 'muddle,' and for some years past I have never bothered my head with these matters."

"But surely," I asked, "one of the fifty must be in the right."

"It may be so," replied the old man, "but I cannot see that that follows."

The next morning I returned to Auckland, taking Seth Fearnley and his dog Brush with me, for we purposed going to the Island of Rangitoto, to shoot goats, which, at the time I write of, were there very numerous. We called at the town on our way to provision the boat for a few days, and for my gun, some powder, shot, and ball, together with that most useful article when travelling, viz., a tomahawk—nothing so handy: you cut your firewood with it when you camp, also if you have to build a hut, a Yankee tomahawk is the best tool possible for the purpose. We again set sail that same evening, intending to camp in Drunken Bay, which is a most snug anchorage, the passage, indeed, between the islands Rangitoto and Motutapu. It is a place where the crews of coasting-vessels frequently resort, when outward-bound, to recover by abstinence from their late inebriations at the town, whence its Bacchanalian designation.

Rangitoto is a mass of scoriæ rocks, the roughest place to scramble over imaginable, whilst a journey to the top is certain destruction to a pair of boots be they ever so strong. A quantity of stumpy trees, shrubs, and toi-toi grass, find rootage amongst the rocks, and seemingly supply abundant food to the goats, with which the island is overrun. Not many ladies have been to the top, which is rather a feat even for a man, but I have understood that the summit was reached by Lady Franklin, the wife of the illustrious Arctic explorer.

We camped the first night under a tent we rigged up with the two boat's sails, and mighty comfortable we made ourselves, softening our couch on that bit of sandy shore with a layer of toi-toi beneath our blankets.

Not having a rifle, we could not shoot at long distances; however, the next day we managed to get two old goats and four half-grown kids, the latter were fair, good eating, but killing the other was sheer waste, except that we saved the skins, curing them with alum.

I almost doubt, if I had been without Master Seth whether I should have got a single shot, the goats were so shy there was no getting near them.

However, under my companion's direction we scrambled up a considerable way into the interior of the island, and then, looking down, we could observe the animals below.

"Goats," said my youthful Nimrod, "do not see things so readily that are above them as what is on the level or below where they stand; and besides, at any alarm they make for the high ground."

Remarks of a similar character are made in the early part of the 'History of Robinson Crusoe.' I mention the circumstance as a passing tribute to that most wonderful collection of useful information.

Two coasting-schooners came into the bay during the night, and with them the next morning we traded away most of our goat-mutton for ten pounds of biscuit, two handfuls of salt, and a fishing-line with hooks attached.

"Seth," said I, "what do you say to a trip across to the Great Barrier Island? We have provisions enough to last us a week, and if we do run short there are people living on the island, both white folk and Maories, from whom we could get a fresh supply."

My companion was very willing to go, not only to the Barrier Island but to any other place that I might propose; indeed if I had been in want of a

mate to voyage across the thousand and odd miles of ocean that separated us from Australia, he would not have hung back or feared to risk the undertaking in in our boat.

We stayed some time on board the larger of the two schooners, *The Morning Light*, learning all we could from some of the men who had visited most of the harbours on that island. The skipper also proved very obliging, giving me permission to make a copy of a chart he had in his cabin, in which both the Great and Little Barrier Islands were shown.

It was about 11.30 when we set sail on our voyage with a good breeze of wind from south-west which was on our quarter. An hour must have passed since our departure from Rangitoto, indeed that island with its three peaks (which, by the way, have much the same appearance from whichever side you view them) was beginning to look small, whilst the Little Barrier was becoming more distinct.

We had hardly spoken a word, each communing with his own thoughts, though Seth, perhaps, who was standing in the stern sheets, with both hands upon the steer oar, had enough to do to steer the boat, without having time to think of other matters. I was minding the sheets of both sails. I hold it is

a foolish thing to make a sheet fast. I have seen one boat turned over by that trick, and have known of several others which have come to grief.

We were rushing along famously, now on the top of a sea, now sideling down into the trough, and as our course was not quite with the swell, the motion of the boat was very quick and lively.

"Seth," I asked, presently. "I do not know how you may feel, but I am getting hungry, and shall take a light and modest repast off a biscuit and some of the kid (some pieces of which we had roasted the night before). They are not very inviting specimens of cooked mutton, but I am hungry, oh Seth, and could eat a piece of roast man, with apple-sauce, and don't the Maories say, and they are judges, that it 'goes' like pork?"

"Oh, Mr. Crewe; I wish you would not talk so. I am very queer. I am afraid I am going to be sick."

"My advice to you, Seth, is—don't! or at least wait until I have finished my dinner."

"You must come—steer," he replied. "Be quick—take the oar—oh! I can spell no more!"

Oh, horror of horrors, be witness old men and children, young men and maidens, and newly married couples on your way to la belle France across the

streak of silver sea, be witness, while, with death-pale faces and bloodshot eyes, you long for the motionless land.

There groans the millionaire,—there totters his wife, the abject slave of the fat stewardess; this heap of mortality is a learned professor; that woeful figure has sung comic songs—meanwhile a talkative little Frenchman bustles about with an infallible cure which nobody will try, and recounts the praises of "Alsoap's Pell Ell, and the glories of Briggton."

My poor companion, Seth Fearnley, did not get any better as time went on, indeed he became rather worse. Certainly he had his lucid intervals after every recurring effort that he made to "throw himself piecemeal away," as it were, into the sea, during which periods of convalescence I exhorted him not to look at the sea, to lie in the bottom of the boat with his head lower than the rest of his body—not to move or speak, and to do his best to think of nothing.

For some three hours we slipped along through the water famously, gradually leaving Rangitoto dim and indistinct in the distance, whilst at the same time the Great Barrier Island, which at the commencement of our voyage had appeared like an

indigo-blue cloud, now rose out of the sea, clear and well defined to our view, some six miles ahead.

"I hope, Seth, we shall hit the right entrance into Port Fitzroy. There are two ways in, the most southerly, or 'little passage,' is somewhat difficult for a stranger to find, so we will aim for the 'big-ship passage,' which lies more to the north. A splendid run we have had," I continued, "not so much to boast of as regards time, you know, for with more wind astern *Te Ngaru* (for so I had named my boat) would have done the distance in five hours, and that time has already passed since we started, and still there is near half a dozen miles between us and that cape we see to the north, which I take to be 'Wellington Head,' and round which is our way into Port Fitzroy, and, once there, we shall be in comparatively smooth water, and then all your sea-sickness will vanish; indeed, I'll wager that you are already getting hungry with the idea of a jolly supper ashore in some pleasant bay, where on the rocks we shall find oysters 'galore.'"

"Oh, Mr. Crewe, I do wish you would not talk so much about eating. The thought of food of any kind is horrid; indeed I almost doubt whether I shall ever require any again."

Presently we rounded the headland at some distance from the cliff, several rough rocky islets studding the sea near its base and along the beach, making, as the long swell broke over them, a near approach undesirable.

Port Fitzroy is reputed to be one of the finest harbours in the Southern Ocean, eclipsed of course by Port Jackson (Sydney), Rio de Janeiro, and some two or three others. In sailing in by the big-ship passage, this magnificent harbour presents little or no difficulty to a stranger, nor is the little passage a bad one with a leading wind.

"We were told by the skipper of the *Morning Light*," remarked my companion, "that there was a Hapuku fishing-ground just off Wellington Head, and another near the southernmost end of this Barrier Island, and no doubt there are several others known to the natives."

It is a little curious that to catch some kind of fish, and Hapuku is one of them, you must anchor your boat precisely on the right spot; a few yards one way or the other, and the chances are you catch no fish. You must know their haunts and, taking the well-known bearings on the shore, cunningly drop your "mud-hook" so that you exactly swing with

the tide over the right spot. "So very little *does* it," continued Seth, "that I have seen a man seated in the stern, pull up fish hand over fist, whilst another in the bow could not get a bite."

As you may suppose, it is a matter of great importance to the natives to know the bearings of a "ground" where they can infallibly catch fish. I have known a native, a lucky finder of a new and good Hapuku ground, to receive from his tribe a considerable "utu" (reward).

On the island of Motiti, in the Bay of Plenty, the natives refuse to boil a Hapuku's head and shoulders, having a firm belief that the doing so would be certain to drive all fish of that species from their usual haunts.

"We will take the first likely bay for a camping-place for the night," I said, "and this place I conclude to be the island set down in my rough copy of the chart as Kaikoura," "which means," said my companion, "a place where you may eat crayfish,"—who, now that we were in smooth water, was almost himself again.

These crustaceans are capital eating in moderation, but to digest much of such aldermanic food would require the services of a gizzard and some small pebbles.

"There is a bay, Mr. Crewe, pretty well sheltered, except from the N.E. What say you; shall we lower the sails and 'pull in shore,' for what wind there is now 'draws ahead?'"

This bay proved, on a closer inspection, to be only a moderately good place to anchor the boat for the night, should it chance to come on to blow from the north or east. However, Seth had had enough of the sea, and I too was wishful to stretch my legs ashore, so here we landed; and with the aid of our tackle and some skids we soon had our boat above high-water mark.

Taking the sails out of the boat I proceeded to rig up a sleeping tent, whilst my companion set about collecting wood for a fire, and cutting fern for a "whariki," a foundation to cover the ground and on which to spread our blankets.

Travel with much or little luggage, be guided by your fancied requirements, your possessions, and the means of transport, but do not journey in the colonies without a pair of good white blankets and a sailor's bag to contain them, to keep them clean and dry, and from the ubiquitous blow-fly. Red or blue-dyed blankets are too dark hued wherein to conveniently detect, catch, and kill those spring-heeled

and bloodthirsty habitants of intertropical regions. Enter a deserted native "whari" or bushman's hut, see! the floor is alive with fleas. They are on you in a moment, lean and hungry.

What can they have lived upon for months since the dwelling was vacated; and not only lived but multiplied without their proper and normal alimentation?

Can we attribute their rapid increase, like that of the Copts and Irish, to a necessitous and, in the insect's case, an unknown vegetable diet?

"Here is a log that will make a seat in front of our tent," said my companion, throwing a great lump of drift wood from his shoulder. "Do you know," continued Seth, "this dry, sandy bay beach is just the kind of place where we may chance to see the poisonous spider of this country, so if either of us are bitten, we shall certainly lay the blame on this insect; he is a dark-coloured fellow, with a red spot on his back, and the only venomous creature in New Zealand; his bite, though very unpleasant, is not at all dangerous to an adult, but the natives will tell you that children stung by this spider have died."

In my opinion the novelty and pleasure of camp-

ing-out does not pall with much repetition ; I conclude that those travellers whose list of impedimenta includes a pair of ivory-backed hair-brushes, a box of dinner-pills, and a dressing-gown, will not indorse the above sentiments.

During fine weather, and when the journey is not attended with much hardship, most Europeans, on the right side of the hill of life, fully appreciate a few days' "roughing it." With savages it is their normal state of existence, a perpetual pic-nic without its alimentary adjuncts, and taken by them quite as a matter of course. They are, as it were, professionals, and see little or no fun in the doings of those energetic white men. Amateurs in camping-out, who are often climbing up mountains, mostly are in a hurry, and always are wanting to go where no one has ever been before.

There is much resemblance between the views of the nigger who concludes that "ease is happiness" and of those drawing-room travellers whose comfort depends, as I mentioned before, in the possession, amongst their "plunder," of numerous articles for covering or colouring their persons.

The tin "billy" had been slung over a roaring fire, and the tea made; I was using the pannikin—

we had only one—whilst my companion drank his tea from out the "billy's" lid, a vessel not easy to hold reversed, and drink from when full of hot tea, as any one may easily prove; though I do think the most objectionable tea-cup I ever had to use, or go without the beverage, was a glue-pot, an iron one, rusty inside and begrimed without.

Behold us seated in the doorway of our tent, the light of the fire, in the fast approaching night, showing fitfully to our view the whale-boat a score of yards from our camp, and the cliffs beyond that bounded the bay, inland a little bush comes down almost to the beach, the nearest trees are Pohutukawa of course, a tiny stream coming from the ranges rushes to the shore, and there is lost in the waste of sand. All is very very still, soundless, excepting the sea lightly breaking upon the beach of the little bay, with a music remindful of something I have heard or felt before, some association I fail to recall, perhaps the immortal part of me has a memory more lasting than I wot of, and in this melody of silence, broken only by the surge, my soul reverts to an epoch in the past. The next morning we arose, mightily refreshed, the pleasant sequence of those who have the "canopy of heaven" for their bedroom.

Seth, always an early riser, had been up some time before I was, during which period he had contrived to catch us a supply of rock-cod for breakfast.

For my part, I must confess that I am one of those who "take a lot of sleep," nothing less than nine hours out of the twenty-four has ever been sufficient to restore my constitution to its wonted equilibrium.

It was still early morning when we launched our boat, and proceeded on our voyage up the harbour; on either side much of the land was covered with a growth of manuka (tea-tree), rewa-rewa, towai, karaka, and other smaller kinds of timber, with a fringe of pohutukawa at the water's edge.

Sailing along we passed several colonies of cormorants (shags), perched on these latter-named trees; these birds have a quaint and idiotic-looking way of extending their wings some time previous to taking flight, as if it were their first essay, and might prove a dangerous experiment; sometimes we disturbed a solitary one of these "pelicanidæ" fishing for his breakfast, on which occasions, when once he was on the wing, Seth would amuse himself by shouting and yelling in so frantic a manner as frequently to make the bird disgorge in mid-air a living fish, his late

repast. Arrived at the head of the harbour, and close to a spot where, some years after "the Great Barrier Company" erected a large sawmill, we found a party of natives on a shark-fishing expedition. Whilst still some considerable distance from their camp, we could plainly see, and very decidedly wind the proceeds of their skill.

"Te mango"—shark was hung aloft from a transverse pole, supported at each end by a stout-forked post, and had no little resemblance to what I should imagine was the appearance of the bodies of a gang of robbers, as they were wont to be hung in chains in mediæval times, and after a lengthened exposure to sun and wind.

Shark, dear reader, is not nice eating, serve it as you will, and surely it is only by much practice and some hunger that the natives become so partial to the nasty stuff.

When cured native fashion it is of an oak colour, and if the taste is at all analogous to the smell, I should conclude that a little, like Caviare, would go a long way. Of the former sense I cannot speak, as I never could, though with every wish to partake of the delicacy, get a portion into my mouth, its pungency taking away my breath.

The roe, yellow and oleaginous and as big as a duck's egg, is considered a *bon bouche*, and may be likened in flavour to that of a tallow candle.

We camped a short distance from, and to windward of these aborigines.

The Maories are true latitudinarians on the subject of food, and admire rather than otherwise the "pakeha's" abstinence from all participation in some six or eight peculiar adjuncts to the native "cuisine," rightly judging him to be a "slave white man," "e pakeha tutua," who leaves his more cleanly dietary scale for the promiscuous consumption of Maori food.

There was amongst our new friends a poor fellow prostrated with rheumatic fever. Of course we were appealed to for "e rongoa," a medicine, and equally of course we declared our inability to do anything for the sick man, and indeed our ignorance of the healing art, but advised their taking the invalid to Auckland, where, if placed in the hospital, he would meet with every attention.

This, however, did not suit the views of any of the party, and it appeared that the next day they intended carrying their sick countryman to some hot springs, which they described as half a day's walk from where we now were, and whose medicinal

properties were certain to effect a cure in any such an ailment as that from which the Maori man was suffering. They also related other wonderful stories of these hot springs; so marvellous, indeed, were their accounts that I concluded we had lighted upon the rejuvenating waters so long sought after but never found by some of the companions of Christopher Columbus.

The romance attached to these springs quickly made Seth and I determine to accompany the Maories on their journey inland on the morrow.

The next morning, the porters, consisting of four stout young fellows, who were to carry the sick man, relieving each other, and two at a time, proceeded to place "Mohi," for so he was named, upon an extemporary but very ingeniously constructed litter, "kauhou." Then, without much ceremony or leave-taking Na Kiri Kiri and Makutu, who took the first turn, got the poles of the litter well on their shoulders and started off at a good pace, taking a road up a valley where a considerable stream ran, such a stream that, had it been in England, would have probably teemed with trout, whilst here, in New Zealand, it was utterly without edible fish, eels excepted.

After the first pair of porters had carried Mohi about a mile, the second pair, namely, Te Ruapara and Hoepa, took a spell. I must also mention that two women, Mohi's wife, Repora, and another, whose name I forget, were of the party, and their business was to carry the men's blankets, some ready-cooked food, and a few other necessaries.

After proceeding in this manner for perhaps three miles, we gradually entered the forest, using the bed of the creek as a road, which here became very rough travelling, especially for the bearers of Mohi, who oscillated about in a frightful way, with their top-heavy load of helpless humanity, as they struggled along the uneven bed of the creek.

After about a mile of this, we left the stream, mounting the right-hand bank by a little track. Here it was decided that we should all take a rest and have a smoke.

The ground was covered with a verdure like long grass, but which I found to be young seedling palms, "Nikou." The parent trees were on all sides, rising ten or fifteen feet, and then throwing out graceful fronds, whilst at the base of these gigantic leaves there is, at its proper season, a quaint seed-pod, in shape like a Maori's "meri."

Perhaps Nikau palms are the most beautiful specimens of vegetation in the forests of New Zealand.

It is with the fronds of this palm that the natives commence thatching the roofs of their houses, weaving the leaves together by a plait of three.

Our road now lay up a most tremendous hill, so steep, indeed, that in places we gladly availed ourselves of the adjacent shrubs and trees to pull our weary bodies along. Up this dividing range of the island was a tough job for the poor bearers, and they relieved each other frequently. Truly interminable seemed the hill. However, the summit was gained at last — those who were in front sitting down on the narrow ridge and awaiting the arrival of all the party.

Resuming our journey, we at once commenced the descent down the other side of the range by a road equally as precipitous as that we had just left. Away we all, except those carrying Mohi, bounded off down the hill, taking long and kangaroo-like jumps, utterly regardless of the not remote chance of sprained ankles.

At the bottom we struck the headwater of a small creek. Following this for some distance we again

turned off to the right, and continued our journey until late in the afternoon, when we arrived at the hot springs.

Of course the distance could have been accomplished in much less time had we not been constrained, not knowing the road, to suit our pace to that of the Maories.

The first thing we did on our arrival was to have a bath in the hot water, and certainly I must admit that the native account of the revivifying effects of these springs fell far short of the reality.

"Seth," said I, as we were employed putting up a rough kind of shanty against the night, "if ever I become sick, or as old age approaches and my joints get stiff, my hair turns grey, and my digestion becoming impaired, interferes with my capacity for enjoying life, I shall come to this place, even should I have to travel from Europe, Asia, Africa, or America for the purpose; for I see that we have here the rejuvenating springs mentioned by the ancients."

"And Mr. Crewe," answered my companion, "did you notice the wonderful effect the water had upon the eye?"

I had indeed noticed it, and startling it was, after splashing the water into that member, to find one

could discern the distant view of mountain, cliff, and forest, as through a telescope; the effects only lasted a few minutes, certainly, but I have not heard it recorded of any other water as producing a like result.

That same night the sick man found his legs.

Early next morning Seth and I again had a bath, and it was as we were frolicking about in the warm water that we discovered certain tiny creatures swimming near the margin of the pool, and where the water bubbled up at a temperature of about—as I should suppose—150° Fah., for it was unpleasantly hot to bear the hand in for any length of time.

They were frail little wormy animalcules, perhaps three-quarters of an inch long, and so brittle were they, that on fishing one out he generally came, as it were, "in pieces."

I may here mention that some years after my friend, Seth Fearnley, frequently visited these hot-springs, and found another species, having a beetle-like appearance, also making its home in hot water.

The vegetation in the steamy vicinity of the springs was very rank, and would be a capital locality for gardens designed to grow potatoes, cucumbers, and tomatoes, all the year round, and in the open air.

Whilst in this neighbourhood we also discovered a salt-water creek, some considerable height above the sea level. We had also noticed in several places good "stands" of kauri, a great portion of which, I believe, is still untouched by the Yankee axe of the bushman, though the cream of one forest, capable of being driven out by dams, fell about the year 1864, to supply the Great Barrier Company's saw-mill with logs.

After our bath we took a walk, accompanied by our dog "Brush," towards the east coast of the island. We had proceeded only a short distance from the camp, and were rounding the swamp which occupies a great part of the country between the hot-springs and the sea, when "Brush" bailed up a pig, which we were fortunate enough to kill, and it proving a fine fat half-grown animal, we concluded to return to the camp for natives to carry the meat in, trusting them to butcher the pig, and have some of the best portions cooked for us by our return late in the afternoon.

In the course of the day we saw many wild cattle, of which, at the time I write, I understood from the owner that there were upwards of a thousand head on the island.

Of late years they have marvellously decreased in numbers; Maori gum diggers, the crews of coasting-vessels, and the bushmen residing on the island having mostly brought about this result.

Arrived at the sea-shore, we rambled on for some miles, amusing ourselves by picking up bits of sponge and shells. The latter are only very poor in New Zealand, and not worth collecting for ornamental purposes.

At the high-water mark of spring tides there was in places much drift wood and wreck, and we found several corked bottles, though in no case did we light upon one containing any paper.

However, at the mouth of a small creek we found a ship's boat, apparently not much damaged by its voyage from "somewhere," and we thought, after due examination, that it might be worth our while to come with our boat and tow her round to Tryphena, where, as Seth justly remarked of this piece of flotsum and jetsum, we might possibly be able to sell her to the natives who, frequently, when on a voyage, resorted to that harbour for shelter.

On the third day after our arrival at the hot-springs, Seth and I, together with all the natives,

excepting Mohi and his wife Repora, returned to the native encampment at Port Fitzroy.

The above appellations, oh, reader! are the Maori way of saying Moses and Zippora.

About a month after these events, I chanced to meet Mohi in Auckland, and from him learned, that after remaining a week at the hot-springs, and being perfectly cured, he had *walked* to Port Fitzroy, carrying, besides his blankets, a heavy load of kauri gum.

But to return. On our way to the shark-fishers' camp, and about two miles from that odorous vicinage, whilst in pursuit of some pigeons, we lighted upon a considerable quantity of kauri gum, the most remarkable lump of which we computed to have weighed 400 pounds, when "in situ," as we first saw it high up in the fork of a gigantic kauri; although a tree of great size, it did not run up over thirty-five feet from the ground, before three huge branches shot out forming a platform upon which the exudation had collected.

There was little to be seen of this mass of gum from below, as it lay well back in the fork of the tree, and greatly overgrown with whara-whara (Astetia Banksii), a sword-leaved orchid, having

beautiful red bunches of fruit in its season, temptably edible in appearance, but really only adapted to the palate of the birds; and had it not been for certain lumps of gum at the foot of the tree that had broken off, and tumbled from aloft, we should have passed by and never thought of looking up, much less of making any attempt to climb the tree.

Neither Seth nor myself possessed the art of walking up a tree, *à la* "West Indian Black," "Sambos," Andaman Islanders, and other savages, nor were we able to extemporize a staircase after the manner of an Australian black fellow, by cutting steps in the soft bark with a tomahawk each succeeding "riser," of which is a notch cut right above his monkey-shaped head, and just sufficient for the insertion of his great toe.

The natives of New Zealand have no clever method for climbing a tree, rather inventing a plan to suit the circumstances of each occasion as they arise.

The bark of a kauri-tree is not very soft, still by making a perpendicular incision with a tomahawk, a hard wood chisel-pointed pin may be driven in, and made to hold a considerable strain.

We first proceeded to cut an armful of flax,

selecting the best leaves, and stripping off the red edges; we then cut five poles, two of which when lashed together were long enough to reach to where the gum lay; the other three poles were left with a fork at the upper end, and were intended to be placed as struts or braces, to assist in keeping our ladder stiff, and in its place. We then cut ten "manuka" pins, two feet long, sharpening one end of each into a thin wedge.

All our arrangements being made, we now reared the poles, already lashed together, placing them parallel to, and about eighteen inches from the bole of the tree. Whilst Seth held on, and with some difficulty steadied our would-be ladder, I first drove the tomahawk into the tree at about five feet from the ground, and then hammered one of the hard wood pins into the cleft so made, the outer end of this I securely tied to the poles. Then mounting on this rung, I again struck the tomahawk into the tree, making a way for another manuka pin; this I drove in, and fixed as the former one. I now came down, and taking two of the forked poles, leant them one on either side against the upright ones that Seth still held. The third one I so placed as to force the whole fabric towards the tree; I again mounted, and

this time on the second rung, from which position I could reach the forked struts; these I soon made secure: I then got in the third, fourth, and fifth rung, which was close upon twenty-five feet from the ground. We now, finding the whole concern rather unsteady, determined to make it safe by fastening two "guys"—ropes, of flax leaves knotted together, at the fifth rung—and then leading the other ends to stakes we drove into the earth: we also passed a flax rope round the tree, securing it to the ladder at the fifth rung.

The last four rungs I drove in and fixed nearer to each other than those below, that is, about four feet apart.

The top gained, Seth immediately followed me aloft, when after throwing down a quantity of whara-whara, the huge shapeless mass of gum was exposed to our view.

Stuck fast as it was to the tree, we saw that it would be quite impossible to tumble the lump in one piece to the earth, so we had again to descend and cut a couple of handspikes, and make some wooden wedges, with the aid of which we at length broke the gum piece by piece from its bed.

Possibly some of my readers may be curious to

know why we should take all this trouble to collect this kauri gum, an export of New Zealand never seen or even heard of by hundreds of the good people of England, who are not aware that thousands of tons have been shipped away both to Europe and America—that the supply is still unexhausted—and that it forms an important part in the manufacture of certain lacquers and varnishes, and at the time of which I write, well scraped kauri gum could readily be sold in Auckland for £20 per ton.

We also found a considerable quantity of gum in the immediate neighbourhood of the tree that had yielded the big lump, and judged that we were now possessed of nearly a ton weight of good clean kauri gum, and which being so handy to our boat we might as well use as ballast in preference to stones.

We spent yet another day with our native friends, going out shark-fishing with them; and it was then I learnt Maori "fishing talk;" at another period during my long residence in New Zealand, I was both skipper and owner of a coasting schooner, and having a native crew, I then acquired Maori ship "talk." At another time, having a store up the country, the talk would be of blankets, black silk ribbon, print, and calico, of tobacco, "go a shores,"

sugar, and spades. Then, again, having a mob of natives getting out logs for my mill, I picked up many new phrases; yet, again, having a flour-mill, the sale of flour and the purchase of wheat increased my vocabulary; also, I have had something to do with the erection of two churches for the natives, one of which was of stone, the other of wood. After all these advantages and some others "not worth mentioning," it is easy to see that it can be no very hard matter to become a Maori talker.

One fine morning we again set out on our voyages, and this time we had a couple of passengers, Na Kiri Kiri, and his wife, who were wishful to be put across to the mainland at Port Charles; but before going there it was settled that we should run down the coast of the Barrier Island to Tryphena, where we were likely to fall in with some vessel bound for Auckland, by which we could ship our gum to my agents to sell for me.

Having the advantage of a pilot now that the native was with us, and as it was by far the shortest way, we steered out of Port Fitzroy through the "little passage," following a sinuous course by many an islet; and after passing Whangaparapara and Blind Bay, at last, towards evening, we arrived at Tryphena.

Here we found three schooners wind-bound, for the breeze that had brought us along so famously was a "dead muzzler" for them. One of these vessels, we were glad to see, whilst we were still a mile from the anchorage, was *The Morning Light*, we knew her by her painted ports, and the great rake of her mainmast.

On coming alongside we found that Captain Beggs was on his return voyage to Auckland, with a full cargo of wheat from the Bay of Plenty. He had had, he said, a good run down the coast, having left Drunken Bay the same day that we had.

Captain Beggs readily agreed to take our gum up to town, but on my mentioning the subject of freight and requesting him to name his demand, he observed that we should not "fall out about that"—a beguiling figure of speech I have frequently noticed to issue from those who have every intention of "trying on" an overcharge, and this case was no exception to my former experience. My nautical friend was one of those who being in the position of a payee was glad to surcharge the payor.

However, with hospitable and kindly intent, the skipper asked us on board and into his cabin to have a glass of grog—a seasonable offer to such open-boat voyagers as ourselves.

A modicum of grog, with an equal quantum of cold water, will do a man good, will warm his heart towards his fellows, will inspire his genius, if he has any, and will aid his intellect.

Avaunt! ye Rechabites, total abstainers and others, disciples of Father Mathew! is it not notorious that most clever fellows in all ranks of life are partial to some kind of elevating alcoholic drink. I pity the teetotallers, ever since I read that story of "the wife of Heber the Kenite" who was mean enough to kill with a tent-peg a poor fellow who had had the courage to "run away from a fight," and who sought her shelter and hospitality. I do not care who he was, or what he had ever done.

I have thought that had she not been a Pre-Rechabite and had shared a bottle of wine with Sisera, instead of sour milk, the chances are her heart would have been charitably disposed. The people of those times might sing her praises, but what would the world say now in the nineteenth century to a young woman playing such a little game?

The next morning we obtained a supply of provisions from Captain Beggs, consisting of four pounds of sugar of the dark quality known as Pampagna, one pound of tea, twenty pounds of

biscuits, and a small quantity of salt and pepper, besides which he let us have as a favour, for he could spare no more, one shilling's worth or four figs of twist-tobacco of the size and quality that it takes just sixteen of them to weigh a pound.

Had we been Maories he would, as was customary and proper, only have retailed three figs for a shilling.

Some simple people will wonder why one man's money is not as good as another's; traders, however, think otherwise, more especially do those who traffic with races of men the texture and colour of whose skin is different to our own dear selves.

As we were not many miles from a certain hapuku fishing-ground, situated off the southernmost point of the island, and the tide also serving, we determined to spend yet one more day fishing and hunting before finally sailing for Port Charles.

The tide was nearly run out when, under Na Kiri Kiri's directions, we let go our anchor precisely over the right spot, a result he attained by placing the boat at the apex of an angle, the two straight sides from which were found by observing certain well-known bearings on the adjacent shore.

Scarcely had we got our lines over the side when

the tide turned and the fish began to bite. Truly, the sport was first-rate, and presently in the bottom of the boat lay Hapuku, Tamuri, Tarikiki, Rock-cod, Yellow tail, young shark, crayfish, and various other species unknown to me by name, and in quantity enough for a day's stock for a London West-End fish-shop during the season, only I doubt whether the omnivorous epicures of May Fair would find stomachs for some of the creatures we caught, and that even the Maori threw away with the remark that they were kakino—bad. Many of the Hapuku weighed, I judged, fifty pounds, and several of the Tamuri were fully half that weight; but big Tamuri or Schanapper, by which name it is best known to Europeans, is not very good eating, whereas the smaller ones, weighing about one to two pounds, and which I am inclined to think are another variety, are very good eating indeed.

I suppose line-fishing has arrived at such perfection on the coasts of Great Britain that those so employed have nothing more to learn, only my experience is that the native form of hook is preferable when the fish are large to those of European manufacture, eminently so, because they are barbless, and consequently unhook almost of themselves the

moment the fish is in the boat. Although I always made my own "hapuku" hooks, at a blacksmith's forge I had, and of course have a perfect knowledge of their form, yet I feel that a lengthy written description would only give a feeble idea of the appearance of a Maori "matika."

Our sport was at last cut short in an unexpected and alarming manner by my companion Seth hooking one of the young of the sea-serpent. He had felt the bite and hauled upon his line, which he afterwards told us came in quite easily, and had got the head and some two feet of the monster body over the gunwale before he or any of us fairly saw the kind of fish that was coming on board of us. The moment, however, Seth did espy the creature he let go his line, thinking perhaps the fish or whatever it might be, and which appeared so much too big for the boat, would gladly escape.

No such thing, I assure you! On the sea-serpent came into the boat, a fearful looking monster surely, with expression in his eye.

The Maori woman loudly screamed and retreated to the extremest verge at the stern of the boat; indeed, we were all frightened, as well we might be.

The monster seemed to possess the power of

elevating and holding its head high in the air, for pausing as two-thirds of its length was out of the sea, it took a survey of us all, when, suddenly seeing the fish, it glided bodily into the boat.

I have mentioned before that my boat was twenty-nine feet in length, and that five feet at either end was covered in, forming a handy and dry place to stow blankets and provisions. On these elevations we now stood, Seth and Na Kiri Kiri at the bow, whilst the Maori woman and myself were at the stern. Our frightful visitor in the meanwhile had possession of all the space amidships, and the first thing he did was to angrily seize a Schanapper; the fish being a large one, and having chanced to die with its dorsal fin expanded, he found the sharp spines disagreeable in his mouth. The tamuri is armed like the perch. Dropping the fish, he made a snap at the dog, but, luckily for poor Brush, only tore away a little hair. The creature being under the seats, was to some extent powerless to rise.

At this juncture, I, having seized the tomahawk, struck at the monster's head, but he dodged the blow, not attacking again in his turn, but simply getting out of the way of danger. Again and again I struck at him, but it was no use until I watched

my chance as his head was under one of the seats and he could not well see upward. I struck at him and buried the tomahawk up to its handle just behind the creature's head. Upon this his struggles were dreadful, but I continued blow after blow with the tomahawk, not always with effect, for he wriggled and flopped about with great rapidity and force, until Seth, getting off his perch at the bow of the boat, came aft, and, thrusting the loom of an oar down the sea-serpent's throat, so held him whilst I chopped and cut at him, wounding him in fifty places, nor did I leave off until our horrific visitor lay a sickening sight and dead in the bottom of the boat.

We had had enough of fishing, and were even half afraid that another and a larger monster might arise out of the ocean and fairly gobble us up, so we quickly got the anchor into the boat and pulled ashore, where there was a little sandy bay.

Here we threw out all our fish and landed our goods and chattels. I then cut a stout stick about eighteen inches long, to which I made fast a piece of rope near to one end which I had sharpened, then thrusting the stick into the monster's mouth and partly down his throat, and, fixing the point against

his upper jaw, I gave the word to Seth and Na Kiri Kiri who already had hold of the rope, to haul away, giving myself at the same time a list to the boat, "Now, then, give way my boys," I sung out "kumea" which last word was intended for Na Kiri Kiri and his wife's encouragement.

Presently, we had him stretched out his full length on the beach, and then found him to measure four paces from head to tail, and perhaps his average diameter was five inches. The creature was of a gamboge yellow colour; he had a huge cavernous mouth armed with long though rather slender-looking teeth, set very close together, and somewhat hooked inwards.

CHAPTER VIII.

"He cast by treaty and by trains
Her to persuade."

SPENSER.

I WILL now pass over nine months, during which period my time was fully occupied in establishing myself up the country about sixty-five miles from Auckland, and where the reader will please to picture Mr. Edward Crewe in possession of a saw-mill, a store for trading purposes with the natives, and a schooner, the *Fairy*, twenty-five tons burden, with which to transport the sawn timber cut at the mill, also the scraped flax, wheat, pigs, and potatoes, that he acquired in the way of trade from the Maories.

Perhaps it may be interesting to some people to hear how timber is got out of the bush, cut up, and disposed of in New Zealand, and, having my own experiences in "my mind's eye," I feel it easier to

talk of the methods I pursued there than to tell of what I have seen at other mills.

The "Kauri" is rarely to be met with south of the 38th parallel of latitude, and is mostly to be found on the sides and summit of the high ranges, often in precipitous places, and at times hundreds of these trees springing from the rich alluvial bottom of a gully and towering aloft high above the others of the forest may be seen, and mingling with those growing on the higher ground, are readily known in the far distance as forming a stand of "Kauri." A peculiar stiff and upright appearance of the upper branches and foliage, together with the superior height of these pines, render them quite conspicuous at eight or ten miles distance.

The kauri is the only cone-bearing pine in New Zealand.

The wood is of a yellow colour, wonderfully free from knots, and harder than the red pine of the Baltic.

Beautifully mottled logs are sometimes met with, and are frequently made up into furniture.

It is a question with bushmen whether this mottled or bird's-eye appearance is a disease in the tree or another variety.

When a kauri forest is cut down, the land becomes a waste, as nothing of much use to the settler will grow where the great trees have stood.

The "stand of kauri" I had acquired lay some eight miles inland from the mill, and was estimated to contain upwards of a million feet of timber, capable of being "driven out" by placing a flood-dam in a suitable position.

There was a creek running up the main gully, the same that after many meanderings reached the mill; but this stream was utterly inadequate to swim the huge logs without a natural or an artificial fresh. The former is not to be depended upon, too great a body of water filling the creek at one time for "a drive," whilst at another there would be hardly any flood at all.

But first I must get some logs into the creek and build my dam before I can have a drive.

A bushman named Charley Wright entered into a contract with me to fall, cross-cut, and roll handy to the creek's side 200,000 feet of timber. It would not do to put many logs into the creek at once, for in that case "a jam" would be inevitable, and lead to great expense, if not to the ruin of all concerned.

I agreed to advance tools, provisions, and clothes to Charley Wright, and money, too, when a certain number of logs were at the banks; nothing to be considered timber that was under eighteen inches in diameter, and for him not to fall any trees over eight feet, as logs of that size are unwieldy. The principal tools required were Yankee axes, cross-cut saws, and timber (not screw) jacks.

I am much amused since my return to England to see "woodmen" using such primitive and unserviceable falling-axes.

It would be no compliment to the memory of Hiram, King of Tyre, and his era, to suppose that tools of like manufacture were used by his fallers at the time when he had a contract with King David to supply a quantity of Cedar logs from his bush at Lebanon.

I would rather conclude that the ancients had a better notion of chopping than those peoples who lived in mediæval times, when the Aryan races just wasted their energies in endeavouring to force their neighbours and each other to understand and believe a theology they did not understand or believe themselves.

Whatever may have been before times for eighteen

centuries, it has been notably hard upon improvers and inventors.

Do not suppose that those ugly dull wedges, sometimes to be seen in a hardware-shop in England, and labelled American axes, though of British manufacture, are equal to the Yankee article. They are no more so than the mis-shapen stick affixed is to an American hickory axe-handle.

One day, since my return to this worn-out old country, I happened to meet a friend who some time previous having heard of the superiority of the Yankee axe, had bought one of these British imitations, and finding the tool a poor one, had jumped to the conclusion that, "after all," there was no axe equal to the old-fashioned one in use in England, and was considerably "riled" at my intense derision and scorn of that conservative weapon; indeed, so hot did we get in our dispute that I offered to chop against the best woodman he could produce, his man armed with the mediæval tool, whilst I was to use an American which I happen still to have in my possession.

This wonderful chopping match has not yet come off, but should it ever take place, you may safely bet on the modern tool, even though I have the disad-

vantage of being in the "sear and yellow leaf," and not able, as in years gone by, to take off chips in size resembling a blacksmith's apron.

I may as well, whilst on the subject of tools, say something about cross-cut saws, timber-jacks, &c.

Cross-cut saws have what is called a peg-tooth and cut both ways. It is a great improvement to sharpen every fifth tooth, counting from the centre to the ends, as a drag tooth, that is, a tooth filed square across and with a considerable hook, this arrangement tends to keep the cut clear of sawdust.

The timber-jacks consist of a toothed spear, two pinions, a cogged wheel, all of wrought iron, and properly arranged in a strong piece of wood. A double handle puts in motion the gear, and the spear can be ground out about two feet with power, one man being able at the handle to lift a ton easily.

The advantage these jacks have over those where a screw is the mechanical power, is that the spear is more quickly advanced and will run down ready for a fresh lift, merely by placing the hand on the upper end or fork of the spear. They are also much lighter and less cumbersome than a screw-jack.

But to return to my contractor. Charley Wright had eight men in his employ, and whilst he was

falling and cross-cutting logs, from ten to twenty-five feet in length, I was busy with another gang of men building a flood-dam, which I shall describe somewhat at length, so I beg those who are not interested in such matters to skip the next three pages.

In almost all the forest creeks of New Zealand you can find a foundation of good rock on one side, whilst on the other it is either earth or porous stone. I will not stop to explain what I suppose has brought this about, but proceed with building my dam.

I first cut a trench in the rock right across the bed of the creek, into which I placed a squared spar. I did the same up the good or rock side of the stream. On the other bank I made a "wing" by driving piles.

My dam had to be sixteen feet high, and made to open in order to let the water—an artificial fresh—go as quickly as possible. The opening was required to be fully large enough to admit of those logs passing through that were rolled into the creek above the dam.

The stream at the dam was forty-five feet wide and at the centre of the structure I made a "flume" sixteen feet wide, from the floor of which to the top was also sixteen feet. It was, indeed, an opening

through the dam, the sides and floor of which were four-inch planking spiked to a very strong framework of heavy timber.

The angle at which the dam would resist the down-stream pressure and weight of water was thirty degrees.

The "flume," you will perceive, was a clear opening sixteen feet by sixteen feet.

The top plate did not extend across the stream but only from either side to the "flume."

The rafters and other parts of the fabric were massive pieces of timber, suitable to resist the immense strain of water and the chance of bumps from heavy logs.

I now come to the most difficult part in the structure, that is, the doors, each of which were eight by sixteen feet and somewhat like the lock-gates common in inland navigation in England, only in my case the doors just met in the middle of the "flume" or "pit," not forming an angle to resist the pressure, but freely opening down stream, unless fixed and held in that position.

Suppose the dam full of water and the doors fixed straight across the "flume," and meeting with a water-tight joint, and with little or no leakage at the hinges.

Exactly over the doors and spanning the "flume," was laid and adjusted on firm blocks a heavy piece of timber rounded up to a shoulder at each end, and with bearings made to fit accurately, to this was fixed in the middle and at right angles a squared spar covering the junction of the doors and reaching nearly to the bottom of the "flume" on the down-stream side of the doors.

This squared spar was held in position at the bottom of the "flume" by an ingenious arrangement made very strong, of three-inch bar iron, too complicated in structure to describe without diagrams. Anyway this apparatus held the doors across the "flume" with all the side pressure of sixteen feet of water. It was so arranged that two men could open the dam by means of a tackle led to a certain part of the ironwork below, which was, indeed, a trigger.

The natural run of water in the creek was only small, and it took on an average ten days to fill the dam.

When all was completed I had one hundred logs rolled into the stream below, and thirty above the dam.

I then fixed upon a day and an hour to have a "drive," and mustered all the men I could.

There were twenty of us.

It is nine miles from the dam to the "boom" at the mouth of the creek.

I placed three men at the dam to let her off, and also to guide the logs in the pond above, towards and through the "flume."

Five men I ordered to a place about three miles below the dam, where there is an awkward turn in the creek, and where a "jam" is likely to occur. To another bad place two miles further I sent five more men. The remaining seven and least active of the party I stationed two miles above the boom, where they had to lend a hand as occasion may require. All were armed with either a "pike-pole," timber-jack, or axe.

At the hour appointed the men are at their posts, the parties stripped to trousers, short-sleeved flannel shirts and boots, ready for a run alongside the creek, not that they could keep up with the logs during the first four miles of their career down the stream, but by cutting off the bends the men were not generally much behind, and always came up with the logs when they got into more tranquil water and before they reached the boom.

If there was a jam, as happened sometimes, it was the duty of the men to use the utmost exertion

to set it free. Two long logs would perchance unite in an apex up stream, others following make the matter worse, and unless the logs were immediately started, the jam would become a fixture.

The body of water bearing the logs on its crest and rushing along the bed of the creek, was a gigantic wave, like the "bore" of some tidal rivers. The logs appeared to ride before and upon the wave, those that met with obstruction against the banks or were detained in a back eddy soon stranded, and there remained until another fresh floated them farther on their way; indeed, it rarely happened that a log would travel all the nine miles of winding creek in one drive.

Before completing the dam I had expected great trouble from the doors knocking themselves to pieces. Yet, although the pressure of water against them was great, and the moment the trigger was pulled they flashed open and struck the sides of the "flume," still not with such force as to do damage.

I had made many contrivances to moderate the shock, but afterwards found that they were quite unnecessary.

There are many other plans adopted in the construction of flood-dams, but it is my experience that the foregoing is the best.

We frequently had one or two of our distant neighbours to witness the fun and excitement of a drive, and once a party of travellers from Auckland, who were "doing" the bush, paid us a visit. Several ladies were in the company, one of whom "may be" will to this day relate the thrilling narrative of that day's adventures:—how, falling from the huge limb of a tree that formed an extemporary bridge across a side creek, she was bravely rescued from possible drowning by one of the bushmen present, who, "bearded like the pard," had been more active than the others during the drive. He was dripping like a merman, his shirt in ribbons from running through the forest, not to mention any other garments, except that he wore in place of hat or cap a piece of young supple jack-vine twisted round his head.

Arrived at the mill, the logs were hauled up "ways" as required on to the mill-floor. Here they were rolled upon the carriage appertaining to the vertical saw. The frame of this saw was wide enough to admit the passage of a log six feet in diameter. By means of this we reduced the log to "flitches," which were then passed over to the circular-saw. At the near side of this saw we had a movable bench or table of wood twenty inches wide

by thirty feet long. The saw being in motion, we had certain gear by which this carriage could be "gigged" backwards or forwards or fed forwards.

Suppose a piece of timber—a flitch nine inches by twenty-four and sixteen feet long—is on the carriage, and that we intend cutting nine by three-quarter boards. After taking off a "face" cut, setting the gauge rollers, and placing the flitch in position, the man at the head starts the machinery. "Kreash," says the saw, and in twelve seconds she is out at the other end. The man at the "tail" at that instant reverses the motion of the table, which gigs back. The man at the head having given the new cut board a tip, it runs on rollers downhill out of the mill. At the proper moment, and as the man at the head again starts the machinery forward, both men force the piece of timber against the gauge-rollers, and another board is cut, proceeding with the work at the rate of about four boards sixteen feet long nine by three-quarters in a minute, which, as timber is measured in the Colonies, would be forty-eight feet superficial, or 2880 in an hour, or 28,800 in a day of ten hours, but the loss of time in getting fresh timber on the carriage, changing the saw, and delays of various kinds was so great that I always

considered 10,000 feet a good day's work for a circular-saw.

We always kept a fine stream of water running against both sides of the saw.

A circular to work effectively requires—speed, to be perfectly well sharpened, a strong spindle, a wide and not over-tight belt, water on the saw, fully ten-horse power to drive her, and two men with life in them to work her.

Having, after one of my trips to Auckland, discharged my cargo, I set off on my return voyage to the mill, Na Taima only being with me.

We were very light, not having any ballast on board the schooner, and on our way to Drunken Bay, where we proposed taking in half a dozen dingy loads of scoriæ stones. We nearly turned bottom upwards, the *Fairy* was so crank when high out of the water as scarcely to have any legs at all to stand upon.

It was my intention to call in at Kikowhakariri, partly to see the place and partly to visit some friends of mine who lived at that bay, so after getting the schooner into fair good trim with a few tons of ballast, we shaped our course across the Frith of Thames and for the above long-named locality.

It was late in the afternoon when we sailed from

Drunken Bay, and as night came on it began to blow rather fresh, and "glad were we" that the scoriæ stones were nicely stowed in the hold.

Na Taima was one of those natives who, being more sprightly and intelligent than common, used frequently in the early days of the colony to annex themselves to the establishment of a white man, when, after tasting the sweets of civilization as supplied to them from their pakeha's society and his store, nothing but a wife forced upon them by their tribe, or some equally great social hindrance to their happiness, would compel these aborigines permanently to forsake the blessings attendant on a well-filled pipe, a sufficiency of clothing, and the white man's occasional companionship.

As the night wore on the breeze freshened up into half a gale, but that was of no great consequence, for the wind was fair, our chief anxiety being whether we could hit the anchorage. There is no harbour at Kikowhakariri, and the bay is only partially sheltered from the full force of a westerly blow by islands.

There is a little nook to be sure where two or three vessels can find room whilst at anchor to swing clear of each other.

The night was very dark, and, as we neared the land, I repeatedly questioned Na Taima as to his knowledge of the locality. Having never been to this place myself, everything depended upon my Maori companion.

We soon were close enough in to hear the roar of the breakers on the rocks, and, dark as it was, to see them too; Na Taima was forward on the look-out, I was steering by his direction.

We appeared to me to be going right ashore. Presently I heard my companion busy getting both anchors ready, which was ominous. Just, however, as I was sure another minute would see us on the rocks, my look-out forward sung out for me to luff, and I saw we were passing an island. He now hurriedly explained that it would be impossible for us to gain the proper anchorage, but must bring up under the partial shelter of this island and trust to the chains holding until the wind moderated. He thought they would hold; if they did not, we must simply go to smash ashore.

We quickly got all the head-sail off the schooner, leaving only the mainsail, and that was reefed and scantalized. We then let go first one anchor and then the other, veering out all the chain of the one

and the greater length of the other, using our best skill to equalise the strain. We then stowed away the sails and even unrove many of the ropes so as to present the least possible surface to the gale.

After having thus made all as snug as we could we went below, and, striking a light, had a nip from a certain square bottle of gin that happened to be on board.

"Ahoa," I said to my Maori companion, "we are in a bad place, but I think if the anchors only get a good hold it will be all right. The chains which are good and new will not part. But just look upon deck and see if we are dragging.

Presently Na Taima returned below to say all was well, we had not changed our position.

There is no part of a ship's equipment of more importance than that denominated ground-tackling. To the fact of that on board my schooner being of the best quality, and of a size and strength usually found on vessels many tons above the *Fairy's* measurement, I am indebted for the saving of the schooner and almost certainly our lives as well.

I once chanced to be in a large ship badly found in the above particular, and when off no less dreaded a place than the Goodwin Sands, many of our sails

being blown away and having let go our two anchors, the chain of one parted, after bearing the strain only a few minutes, and the other would doubtless have followed suit, but, not getting a good hold, we dragged for five miles, when, fortunately for ourselves and the underwriters, the wind moderated.

But to return. Na Taima and myself finding the anchors held, concluded it to be of no use keeping any watch, so, turning into our bunks, we were soon fast asleep, nor did we once awaken during the night, our previous fatigue and excitement making us careless of the chance of going on the rocks.

In the morning the wind had died away, and after breakfast we proceeded to shorten in the chain of either cable, but as to our ability to burst the anchors from their hold on some rock at the bottom, we were utterly without sufficient power, and would certainly have lost a tide had it not been for my friends, Messrs. Reeve, who, seeing the position of the schooner, came off to us in a whale boat, and, by dint of numbers and main force, one at a time lifted our anchors up into the region of daylight.

Messrs. Reeve's sawmill was situate about half a mile from the beach, and all the timber, for lack of a better arrangement, was carried out by men,—

notably by one strong little man, who stuck at this kind of work day after day and all day long, trotting over the rough path that led from the mill to the beach with a heavy load of boards on his shoulder. His costume was of the simplest description, consisting of a shirt and short petticoat or kilt of navy-blue print—sans hat, trousers, stockings, or shoes. No one could compete with the little man at this kind of work. It was his forte. Some people I have heard remark that "surely his skeleton or bony framework differed from that of other men, that instead of possessing twelve pair of ribs, this mighty dwarf had, in place thereof, a bony arrangement *all in one piece.*"

After a few days' visit at this place, Na Taima and myself again set sail, and in due course arrived at our own home.

As I mentioned before, I had a mixed party of "hands" at the mill, both whites and Maories.

There was nothing remarkable in any of the Europeans. The usual run of bushmen are either discharged soldiers, or those waifs so common in the Colonies, who never seem to have been anything and about whose antecedents it was not considered courteous to inquire too pointedly, or runaway

sailors. There was a floating population in colonies long before the gold diggings so notably encouraged thousands of adventurers to overrun the country. Certainly it is marvellous how men—they were for the most part men—so diverse to each other in education and bringing up, could associate and work together as they did in those "good old times;" no one of the working bushmen being esteemed better than another, where possibly an officer, late of Her Majesty's service, a doctor, a runaway whaler, and an old "lag" were working harmoniously side by side, and calling each other by their Christian names.

Let me recall the Europeans in my employ at this time. A discharged soldier from the 58th Regiment; a runaway man-of-war's man from H.M.S. *Pandora*, at that time surveying the coastline of New Zealand; a doctor "under a cloud;" a runaway from a New Bedford whale-ship; a French Count—Le Blanc by name the latter, who was staying with me more as a friend, though he used to lend a hand when required; a Portugee from the Azores; a runaway sailor from a merchant-ship.—N.B. This last, a regular South Sea scamp; another discharged soldier, and, lastly, an Irishman. I name this man last,

because I have a little story to relate, in the which my Hibernian sawyer is the hero.

Peter O'Sullivan had not been many weeks in my employ when one day, backed by his mate the South Sea scamp—these men usually have "mates" and are hired in pairs—he begged to have a few words with me.

"If you please, sir," he began, "I want to ask a great favour of you, which, if you will grant me, I will work for you like a horse: you are the best master I ever had, and I mean to stick to you, sir, and work out my debt;" these fellows were always in one's debt, "and," he continued in the true Irish blarneying kind of manner, "me and my mate here think very highly of you, Mr. Crewe."

"Well, Peter," I replied, annoyed at having, as I suspected, something disagreeable to grant to the pair before me, "what is it you want? a bottle of grog? because if you do, you will not get it; I have none in the store."

"No," he said, "it was not grog he wanted."

"Well then, what is it?"

But Paddy could not find words to name his want, which was wonderful for an Irishman, and I might have waited listening to more blarney, and be nowise

nearer to the point, except for his mate, who quietly informed me that Peter had won the consent of a young native woman to be his wife, but which consent was very little good to him unless backed by that of the chief who claimed the girl as his property, as indeed she rightfully and properly was. Was he not the Rangitira of her tribe, and her uncle as well, and her nearest relation then living? of course he might dispose of her as he pleased; the likes or dislikes of the girl herself were, as was correct, a matter of small import, a fact of which the young lady in question was fully aware, and wishing, doubtless, to obtain a sufficiency of print, calico, and black silk ribbon, also a smart Panama hat, plenty of tobacco, and nothing much to do; a luxurious state of things hardly attainable at the kainga Maori, where her daily life would be one of much hardship and some toil; it had been her thought that Peter should first appeal to me, and endeavour to induce me to win for this happy and cunning pair of lovers the consent of the chief, for was not Mr. Crewe Wiremu's friend; and also, as something would have to pass to the Rangitira as payment after his consent was gained, was not Mr. Crewe the man to give the money to Peter as an advance of his wages.

"And how much money does Wiremu ask for the girl?" I demanded of the enamoured Irishman.

"Oh, sir! he wants £5, but will, I am sure, take less," replied Peter, grudgingly.

"And will £5 buy this dear charmer out-and-out, do you suppose? I tell you what, Peter, you are an ass, and will be for ever bothered with a crowd of your Maori wife's relations, who will live upon you."

But Peter returned to the charge, asking me to use my influence with the chief, at the same time dexterously praising my skill as a Maori talker, and that a word from me, coupled with a little payment in money, would bring about the result he so much desired.

Up to that time it had never fallen to my lot to purchase either on commission or otherwise, an article of the above description, and for the fun of the thing, amidst the profuse thanks of the Irishman, I promised to conclude the bargain with the chief.

The following morning, after buying a couple of fat pigs from Wiremu, I took the opportunity of naming the foregoing little love affair of my man, Peter O'Sullivan, and the wahini of his tribe, named Tihori. My aristocratic pig-merchant was in no way

surprised, indeed I presume was cognisant of the whole matter, his view of the subject being that the opportunity was one by which he could gain a little present cash, and have a certain tithe on all the future earnings of weak Peter O'Sullivan.

After some little chaffering with the chief, I succeeded in purchasing the girl for £2 down, and a balance of £3 to be paid in three months' time—not by me—for he was clearly made to understand that he had to look to Peter for future payment. I may as well relate of this couple, that, as far as I know, they "lived happy ever afterwards," always excepting the festive seasons of Christmas, St. Patrick's Day, and the 4th of July, on which occasions all my men got very drunk on grog carefully ordered from town for that purpose, during which periods of enjoyment my Irish savage always threatened his Maori wife with annihilation.

After a time, however, Tihori arrived at a more perfect knowledge of the wonderful ways of the Pakeha, and having ascertained beforehand when the grog was coming from the town, would hide away during the day-time in the bush—a dense kaikatia forest growing within a stone's cast of her house; from this vantage-ground of espial she would won-

deringly observe Peter and the other whites, day after day, making swine of themselves; and when night came on she would take up her quarters with a small tribe of her own people, who were then living in the neighbourhood.

Truly this poor Maori girl was superior to her degraded and brutish mate, who was only fit to be yoked to one of those demons in human form—I allude to the white bushwoman—creatures of a mature age, hideous to look upon, without an apparent good quality, always drunken when opportunity was found, excelling the rough, reckless bushman as the female can and will excel the male in the vices belonging to hopeless millions of mankind.

CHAPTER IX.

"Gold! yellow, glittering gold!"
Timon of Athens.

It was a common remark, that there was "no Sunday in the bush;" but the saying was hardly appropriate, seeing we always "knocked off work" as that day came round, and most of us then donned some new, or, at all events, clean clothes.

Of course there was no church; if there had been one, some of us would, I think, have attended the service: to be sure there was the missionary station, some twelve miles off down the river, but we never went there for that purpose, having a vague idea that we might not be over welcome, and that the missionary and his family looked upon us white men as a bad lot, and reprobates.

I remember that one of my men called at this mission station one Sunday afternoon, coolly stating that I had sent him for some medicine, and naming an

arcanum which all the while the bad rascal had need of on account of his own irregularities.

Considering the character I should acquire by the above little deception on the part of my too clever sawyer, it is hardly to be wondered at that the good folks at the mission station should fight rather shy of Mr. Edward Crewe, jumping, doubtless, to an unmerited conclusion and judgment from hearsay.

I one day chanced to meet Mr. Christian on the river in his canoe, journeying from up country homewards. We had a long talk on things in general; indeed, I thought him very pleasant and agreeable, and I was quite unconscious of the "smart trick" my Yankee sawyer had played upon me, only hearing about it some months after, when he had left my service. I was more inclined to think my missionary no bad fellow, as it was said of him that in early life he had occupied himself, and with great success, in the cultivation of the wild avenaceous cereal, sometimes otherwise spoken of as "sowing wild oats." Before parting he earnestly begged of me that I would, as a favour, read carefully a certain portion of Saint Luke's Gospel: of course, I promised I would do so, and equally of course I forgot the chapter he named, and never did. Sometimes

we forgot the run of the day of the month, or rather week; and on the arrival of a vessel from "town," we were found keeping a Saturday or a Monday for the first day of the week.

At this period I was fully three years and never "at church." Do not be horrified, good people; perhaps I was not so much the worse for such absenteeism as "awfully nice" respectably black-coated Sunday folks would suppose.

To return to our Sunday at the mill. Very often it was anything but a season of rest, and when out pig-hunting, the day became eminently one of extreme toil. Two or three of us would start off in the morning, taking some bread and meat tied up in paper, and the parcel slung over the shoulders of one of the party. Coats were, as a rule, left at home on these expeditions, as an encumbrance and superfluity. After tramping many miles over steep fern ranges, through flax swamps, and the tangled forest, and when at length killing our game, perhaps ten or fifteen miles from home. If the pork was worth anything, we did not return light: truly, I can vouch for it that our pikaus became apparently heavier and heavier as we trudged to our destination.

One memorable Sunday, a most momentous day truly if reckoned by the after-results to myself.—Do you believe in luck, dear reader?

I don't; I define luck and its results as the sequence of events over which men have control, only they don't know it.

Do you desire power, or riches, or the love of woman?

I do, all three, and what has come my way of these blessings has not "dropt from the clouds," but has rather resulted from carefully following such well-known rules as are helpful, in attaining a consummation of one's hopes, a kind of "taking fortune at the flood."

Truly, there must be perfect and infallible rules —if we only knew them—by the observing of which we could become, as it were, gods, having a prescience of the future. Somewhat in a fog, and tangled all such knowledge certainly is, as yet, wanting illumination and the patience of coming generations to elucidate.

On that eventful Sunday above mentioned I set off in an idle kind of manner, hoping to replenish our larder with a little fresh pork, also, having an eye to business, I wanted to see how certain kauri logs

were located; and if the next fresh was likely to bring many down to the boom.

Herod alone was with me, not the Tetrarch, only his namesake, in the shape of a strong, very bad-tempered, and brindled-coloured hound.

We took the track that led to the forest, following, for the most part, the course of the creek, and only crossing at available places, to cut off the bends where the meanderings of the stream, had we not avoided them, would have added many more miles to our road. When we arrived at the edge of the forest, which is about seven miles from the mill, I sat me down to have a rest and "a draw of the pipe," and lacking a better companion to converse with, I asked Herod what was his private judgment with regard to the very cruel and savage doings of his namesake, whom men have called the Great—my Herod wagged his tail. So I continued saying, that perhaps he, the Tetrarch, was not always so bad; indeed, we read of him that when he was a young man, the villagers sung songs in his "commendation," as one who had rid them of a band of robbers. My Herod now, not only wagged his tail, but tried to lick my face; however, I kept him at bay with whiffs of tobacco smoke, which caused him to sneeze

and pucker up the skin of his face in a ridiculous manner.

Again setting out, Herod and I scrambled on and on for above an hour, along the bed of the creek, now trudging over gravel, amongst which water-worn quartz pebbles formed a considerable portion. Then at times, jumping from stone to stone across to the other side of the stream, hoping there to find the way less rugged. In places I could see reefs of white quartz cropping up through the rock from an eighth of an inch to a foot or more in thickness, and branching off and ramifying in endless mazes.

On either bank there grew a good sprinkling of kauri, interspersed with other forest trees, as the towai, miro, remu, miri, tetoke, hinau, and many others. Then there were the magnificent tree-ferns, one kind growing some forty feet high, called punga by the natives; another sort sending out its giant fronds nearer to ground, was, in years gone by, in time of scarcity, used by the natives as an article of food, this they call mamaku; and yet another giant fern, the pura, one plant of which I brought in after-years to England, also edible, but in this case it was the root and not the stem, a bulbous-looking root, like Brobdingnagian dahlias. Then there was the

nikau, a palm, and the last of all I will mention here, the supple-jack, that stopper to all speedy progression in the New Zealand forest.

Presently we left the creek, and clambering up the right-hand bank, we struck up hill with the idea of gaining the summit of the spur, where I supposed the road would be more free from the tangled undergrowth, and would rise by a pretty gradual ascent until the ridge ran into the great dividing range—the backbone of the peninsula.

We must have been travelling an hour after leaving the creek, when Herod, who was ahead, gave notice, by continued barking, that he had a pig at bay. You may be sure that I quickly "made tracks" for the spot, and there found the Idumean's namesake, barking at a medium-sized swine, who had cunningly ensconced himself between two gigantic spurs of a huge rata, in which position the dog had no chance to get hold; as with back to the tree, and the great roots on each side, the pig stood famously entrenched. Peering over one of the great spurs—which were breast high—I endeavoured, with a long stick, to drive the boar from his fortlet; no arrangements of that sort, however, were of any use, whilst Herod was in front, and from whom the pig

never took his eyes, but kept chopping and chumping his jaws by way of intimidation; so dragging the dog out of view, I renewed the probing with my stick, when, presently, off the grunter started with Herod at his heels. The bush was very thick, and the pig had the best of it; on they went and I after them down hill to the creek, only a very small streamlet here.

There they are in the bottom! they will cross and up the other side, said I to myself: no, they are going down the creek, hurrah! I am after them, we are all in the creek now, the sides rising very steep, and densely wooded, the trees meeting over head and shutting out the sun, the rocks are rough and slippery, but there is not much water. All this while I had just managed to keep the chase in view, when suddenly both pig and dog disappeared, and I also in my hurry close behind, nearly followed suit. They had slipped along a rocky incline, and then tumbled down a miniature waterfall—some twenty feet high—into a tranquil pool below. This unforeseen header had knocked the wind out of the pair, whom I now saw at the further margin of the pool, looking very foolish. Now was my time, before the swine recovered his wind again, so without much regard to consequences or to clothes, I slithered

down by a somewhat better way. To cut short this introduction to my day's adventures, suffice it to say, that I slew the swine, after a rough-and-tumble struggle, during which much water flew about, and Herod not having properly regained his wind, did only a very little barking. I sat down to rest and think of my return to the mill, with the choicest portion of my quarry—*à la* pikau—on my back. I have fourteen miles to travel, at least, thought I, and up hill some part of the way: out of this will be a breather to begin with; but when I find the track by which I entered the forest the rest will be easy, and not so much up and down. Truly, New Zealand wants rolling. The climate hereaway is splendid, but land for cultivation has to be looked for with patience, and selected with judgment. The flats are often poor, or swampy, and the good soil amongst the hilly or undulatory parts—is patchy—"could be covered with a blanket." The hills in places will grow grass, badly. The swamps contain good land, but to drain them would in most instances take more capital than is usually possessed by a New Zealand settler. Many localities would do famously to plant with trees, such as the Australian blue gum, which will grow well almost anywhere; but that you

know would not pay this generation. Most of the native timber-trees are slow growers, and, besides, do not thrive unless in the shade, notably requiring heat and moisture. At the edge of the forest the timber is almost always scraggy and badly grown.

Seated on a shelving rock with the waterfall and its clear pool on my right hand, a stretch of shingly beach a few paces across to where the stream overflowed the pool, and ran at the very base of the cliff in my front, at twenty yards to my left the creek narrowed, having somewhat the appearance of an American cañon, the cliffs rising precipitous on either side, roofed over with a green canopy of forest. I felt that truly this was a weird and lonely place, where possibly no one had been before, certainly no European: the way to it was only by tumbling down a waterfall, and the way out—well, that I could see as I looked down the miniature cañon—would be a cold-bath at any rate; for seemingly the water was deep in places, yet, surely, a road no one would pick from choice, and yet that must be my way "out of this." I cannot clamber up the fall again with a pikau on my back.

What a solitude is a New Zealand forest! not a sound, save the rush of the tiny fall, and the wind

gently moving the branches overhead; not a sign of life besides ourselves, save a bush-robin, who, like his namesake in the old country, appreciates the society of man, for, sit where you will in the forest, and one is sure to appear, when with no other object apparently than the pleasure of your company, he will fly and hop round about, looking at you with his head on one side, always, indeed, at what he considers a safe distance; for, although doubtless your society is charming, he declines trusting himself too near.

Mechanically I take up a quartz pebble, an involuntary schoolboy action, though I have no wish to frighten, much less to hurt the little fellow. Turning the stone in my hand, I feel it is a jolly one for throwing, and my thoughts go back, without an effort, to school days at Rugby, and to a cruel pastime we had then of "pecking" at little birds, stoning them along a hedge, a boy or two on each side, till wearied out, the small game was bagged. I do think boys are the most cruel creatures on God's earth. Thus thinking, my eye caught sight of a pale yellow streak on the stone in my hand, and then my heart gave such a bunch. Why, this surely is gold! gold! gold!——

I quickly handled many of the stones about me,

and found "the colour" in several; but was this pale yellow stuff really the precious metal? As a rough test, from one of the best specimens I had collected, I cut a tiny bit of gold; it seemed about as hard as zinc. It is not mundic, any way, I thought; then I placed the mite of yellow stuff upon a hard stone, and with the back of my knife beat it flat. It is gold! it is gold! as sure as ——

I had made a discovery, truly. I now observed the rock that formed the waterfall. The softer portion was worn away, leaving a regular reef of quartz standing out; this I saw was much richer than the loose pebble I had first seen, and I judged to contain 25 per cent. of gold. One thing puzzled me then, and almost made me doubt my luck, and this was the pale colour of the gold, which arose, as I afterwards found, from the quantity of silver with which it was alloyed.

Wading into the pool below the fall, and using a stone for a hammer, I broke off from the reef several huge lumps which appeared to be nearly one-half metal, and were so weighty that I could only with difficulty carry them one by one to the edge of the pool where I had first sat down.

"Why, here are tons of gold!" I cried, aloud.

Herod wagged his tail, thinking I was making some allusion to him, doubtless. He evidently could not understand why I did not start for home with the pig on my back, nor could he make out what I was after up to my middle in water, to say nothing of the shower-bath under the fall where I had got my marvellous nuggets.

"Herod, old fellow, you have proved a lucky dog," said I, patting him, "and there is wisdom in what you wish to observe. We will return to the mill."

I then proceeded to cut off the pig's head and otherwise despoil him, reserving some thirty pounds' weight of his choicer parts for my back-load home. Truly, it was hard to leave the gold behind, and I had nearly concluded to take as much as I could carry, but I thought better of it, selecting only one very fine specimen weighing about a pound, and that was nearly all gold.

I had a rough and watery struggle down the first fifty yards or so of the creek. In some places I had to wade across holes three or four feet deep, but at length, when clear of the cañon, the road improved, although when leaving the stream and striking up the hill-side through the forest, it was a breather,

and I only made slow progress, and no wonder, with the pikau on my back, and steering a devious way amongst a tanglement of supple-jack, kia-kia, mongo-mongo and the many shrubs and trees of a New Zealand bush. Once on the top of the ridge, I got along better, and presently when I got out of the forest and on the bare fern and tea-tree ranges I sat down to take a spell and think—think how I should turn my wonderful adventure to a good account.

Should I let any of the Europeans at the mill into the secret?

Should I tell the Government and so claim the reward? (If I remember right it was £4000.)

If I told no one, how could I all alone utilize my discovery? And how about the natives, for it was upon Maori land that I had found the gold, and they certainly would never consent to sell either to private individuals or to the Government any portion of this part of the province of Auckland, if they had an idea that there was gold. Then it was clear to me that no Europeans would be allowed to rent the land, and, "dog-in-the-manger like," nothing would ever be done by themselves to develop the resources of the country. But supposing it was fully known that gold had been found in such abundance, who

could prevent the migration of thousands of hardy diggers from Australia.

I could arrive at no conclusion as to the best course for me to take, so, getting on my legs, and settling my "swag" comfortably on my back, I again set out homeward.

There are few seasons so conducive to untrammelled and hopeful thought as when walking alone on a road, where, free from distracting surroundings and with greatly unoccupied senses, the mind obeys the will. It is a time when, if you are of an imaginative turn, you can tell yourself stories; if you are mechanical, you lose not the opportunity to "speed your wheels," or to think out correct results relating to pressure or percussion; if again you are a public man and have a speech to make, then is your time to rehearse a telling one; if you are in business and things look a little slack, and money is "tight," take a long walk on an unfrequented road, and ways and means will appear, "in futuro" perhaps, but still more hopeful and smiling than if you had sat at home.

On and on I trudged along the path that led over the fern ranges to the mill, lost in thought. Mile after mile I lessened the distance, regardless of the

long and weary road, the pikau on my back, or the coming darkness. I awoke to find myself off the track and in a swamp, with the raupo and flax higher than my head. Herod, like a clever dog, had doubtless kept the path and gone home to his friend Pluto, another dog. I stood still and whistled, thinking that, should the dog return to me, the direction he came from would give me a clew to my whereabouts. Again and again I whistled, but it was no use. Perhaps Herod was out of hearing, or may be, which was more likely, he could not understand what I wanted, or that I could be ass enough not to know my way to the mill by instinct, in spite of the darkness and the fog.

"Ha, ha!" I cried, "this is a joke. Not more than a mile from home and yet cannot find the track! I wish Pluto would bark at Herod on his return, that would give the position of the mill and the road out of this dismal swamp. I have no ambition to pass the night here, I can tell you," I continued aloud, "the track is to the right unless I have turned round, and I am in a jolly state of uncertainty as to that. I will not be caught in this way again, trust me. It all comes of not thinking where one was going."

But Pluto did not bark, and the fog appeared to become thicker, and after struggling through flax and toi-toi bushes for some minutes in my endeavours by pursuing a zigzag course to find the path, I came to a pause, remarking aloud as before,

"And who is a fool now?"

"Why, Mr. Edward Crewe is one to be sure," I replied.

"Very true; but you really *will* be a fool if you stay here much longer. My dear fellow, here is a swamp of only say 300 acres: keep a straight line and you will arrive at the edge—somewhere."

"That is all very well," I again replied, in answer to myself, "but how to keep a line in this Egyptian darkness, and through or round these great flax bushes which look all the same, and over which I cannot see."

"Why, follow your nose."

Here the idea occurred to me to reverse my mode of progression, making the above organ come last.

I then proceeded to collect a quantity of dry flax leaves, tying them up into loose balls about the size of a child's head. When I had four made I fixed one to the top of a korari or flax-stalk, and, striking

a match, set it on fire. I then ran as fast as possible for perhaps fifty yards, when I stuck up and set a light to another, now keeping the two in a line. I no longer followed my nose, but went ahead, looking constantly behind me, and just before my first two lights became invisible, I set another pair a-going, taking due care to preserve my line. At this juncture I came full butt against a cabbage-tree. "Here is my guide-post at last," said I, and, slipping the lump of dead pig off my back, I swarmed up the bole of the Wharnaki, a few feet from the ground, from which quoin of vantage I could perceive a well-known conical hill looming through and above the fog.

This gave me the direction to steer, and by-and-by, much disgusted and somewhat fagged, I gained the track, and then "cooëd" once—twice, when a prolonged coo—e! came back in reply from the mill.

CHAPTER X.

"Thus men, my lord, be metamorphosed."
GASCOIGNE.

THE next day, having already sufficient sawn timber at the mill for a full cargo for the *Fairy*, I set all my spare "hands" at filling up her hold with boards and scantling, whilst on the deck were stacked to the level of the top of the rail a quantity of long lengths two-inch planks, taking care to leave clear the belaying-pins appertaining to the throat, peak, and topping-lift haliyards, the foresheet, the vangs, and other ropes forward. I also got on board and stowed away in the cabin rather more than a ton of kauri gum.

All this occupied two whole days, and it was not until quite late that Na Taima and another native named Honi—which is the Maori way of saying John—and myself set sail down the river on our way to Auckland.

As you may suppose I had not forgotten my precious nugget, from which I had taken the precaution to cut a fragment to show a Jew with whom I was acquainted, and who kept a watchmaker's and jeweller's shop in Queen Street, Auckland.

In due course we arrived in town, after a pleasant though rather tedious voyage.

I was early ashore and had breakfast at the *Victoria Hotel*, after which I proceeded to my Jew friend's shop.

I found Mr. Benoliel seated on his counter smoking a cigar, an occupation very much in vogue during the infancy of colonial towns, and before they became spoilt by the increase of population, by the immigration of a class of people from Europe, who were without much mind or muscle and who invariably were minus money, that accumulated essence of past energy.

"Ah, good morning to you, Mr. Crewe," cried Mr. Benoliel, shaking hands—everybody shakes hands with everybody else in the colonies—"and what has brought you to town?"

"A *Fairy* has been my means of transport," I replied, "and business and Atua pakeha (white man's God), whose precepts we dwellers in the bush

do not follow so closely as you of the town, are the causes of my coming. Yes, Mr. Benoliel, business, partaking of the nature of selling and then buying. What say you? I have a lot of timber only 20*s.* per hundred feet."

"That is not in my line," said the Jew. "Have you anything else on board the schooner?"

"To be sure. I have some of the very best kauri gum you ever clapped your eyes on. I want £25 a ton for it, and have not much over that quantity."

"Well, Mr. Crewe, I will see the gum before I buy, but I would not give the sum you name except for the very best cleaned samples."

"Mine is the best, as you will admit when you come to overhaul the Maori kits in which it is packed. But what are they selling over the way there at the auction room?" I asked of my Israelitish acquaintance.

"Damaged flour from Taranaki, blankets, print, crockery ware, and a lot of spears, clubs, and other curiosities from the islands," replied Mr. Benoliel.

"The last lot you mention is the very thing I want, to make up a box for my friends in England. I will go over and bid," and I crossed the street for that purpose.

However, I found upon inquiry that the "curios" would not be put up for another hour, upon which I returned to the watchmaker's shop, and, lighting a cigar, seated myself with a bound on the counter.

Mr. Benoliel was now at work before his little table, which was covered with divers dissected watches under inverted old shankless wine-glasses and the other litter of his craft. He was squinting through his eyeglass into the bowels of a watch that he presently informed me had been under the sea, when in the pocket of an inebriated bushman, who, with three others, two of whom, besides himself, were in the same glorious state, had been swamped in their canoe on the Kaipara. The only sober man was a black fellow—a nigger—and the only one of the party drowned, and, more wonderful still, when his body was recovered, after about a week's immersion in the river it was no longer black, but had become white and was only recognised by the usual negro features of the man, and the clothing. This party of drunken sawyers had had a lot of battens in the canoe, and on their way down the river, getting into a tide rip when there was some sea on, the water lapped over the side. This they were unable to bail out on account of the timber that lay

in the bottom of the canoe, when at length, being about half full, she turned the three Europeans and the African into the water; the latter was drowned in his endeavour to reach the shore by swimming. The others stuck to the canoe, and with the usual good fortune of the drunken, were saved.

"And is it really true, Mr. Benoliel," I asked, "that the negro washed white?"

"Yes. It is strange, and I should never have believed the story as told to me by Billy Glyn, the owner of this watch, had I not also heard of it from Mr. Douglass, who was an eye-witness when the body was found."

"I am quite fortunate to come up to town when there happens to be a sale of "curios" from the South Sea Islands. I have some mats, things of this country, and want to send a good box whilst I am about it, and should like to buy a specimen or two of Californian or Australian gold; have you anything of that sort? I have a little bit myself," I continued, "somewhere in my purse——Ah, here it is, but I want more, you know. Now, is this real gold, Mr. Benoliel? I have my doubts."

The Jew took the specimen from my hand, and at once pronounced it to be gold, only rather pale in

colour. I urged him to touch it with aqua fortis, which he did just to please me, for he said there was no manner of doubt its being gold.

"But where did you get this little nugget, Mr. Crewe? It does not seem to me to have the same appearance as any I have met with from either California or Australia."

"Oh, I suppose there is variety in gold as well as other things, though gold is gold, and its value according to its fineness, sure and certain," said I, evading a direct answer, and in order to avoid any further questioning, I left the Jew's shop and passed over the street to Messrs. C. & R.'s auction room, where I soon elbowed myself into the middle of the crowd that were standing round the head of the above firm, and immediately commenced bidding for some blankets that that gentleman happened at that moment to be expatiating about.

After a while the curiosities were put up for sale, and I had knocked down to me some clubs, spears, and paddles from the Feejee Islands, also a very well-made model, measuring three feet in length, of a double-canoe, fully rigged, with a great triangular mat sail. I also bought a lot of shells, nicely packed with sea wrack in a cask. All these, as well as many

other curios, I sent home to England, and they may now be seen decorating the old Hall mentioned in the early part of my narrative.

Having sold my cargo of timber for 18s. per hundred feet, and the kauri gum at the rate of £20 per ton, and having ordered what stores I required from Messrs. ——, the merchants with whom I dealt, and leaving Na Taima and the other native to see about the discharging of the *Fairy's* cargo, I set off that same afternoon to pay a visit to my old friends, the Fearnley's, who, it will be remembered, lived at that time at the saw-mill up the river, and at whose house I duly arrived late in the evening.

All the family were glad to see me, more particularly, perhaps, the younger members, to each of whom I had brought a present, such as I guessed would be the thing that their juvenile hearts most desired. For example, I carried to my old friend Seth a pound of Curtis and Harvey's best sporting-powder, with shot and caps to match; to Jael I gave a travelling writing-desk, well-filled with all accessories; to another—a boy—a small paintbox, such as you may buy in England for the very modest sum of two shillings, but for which I gave no less than three half-crowns, a fancy price that yielded, I should

suppose, about five hundred per cent. profit to the shopkeeper; to the little girl, Jael's younger sister, I gave a doll; and not forgetting the old man, to whom I brought a bottle of rum, which he and I that same night finished between us, though I must allow that Mr. Fearnley had certainly the lion's share.

My experience is, in the matter of gifts and presents, when I wish to please the recipients, not to bother my head about what, in my poor estimation, may be good for them, but rather give them something they will like. For example: give a boy a sovereign in preference to a copy of White's 'Natural History of Selbourne;' also never appear to confer a favour by a gift, let the "Thank you" on presentation be all and ample payment. If there is the faintest understanding of what we call gratitude or future good behaviour expected of the recipient, the chances are he or she will dislike the donor.

Oh, ye charitable people! do you suppose the poor love or even like you for your consideration to their wants? nay, rather, the needy detest you and your prosperity. "It is better to give than to receive," and givers owe much to receivers for placing the opportunity of winning some happiness within their reach.

"This is not bad rum, is it, Mr. Fearnley?" I remarked, as we sat before the cheerful fire of kauri-bark, and as my companion had just finished his fourth "go," whilst I was still discussing my first; to be sure, I drank mine mixed with water from the only tumbler the house possessed, whilst the old man, pouring an unknown quantity of the rum into a tin pannikin, tossed it off neat and shuddered, just swallowing after it may be a spoonful of water, for the purpose, as he observed, of "taking the corners off."

"Yes, the grog is good enough, but you drink nothing, Mr. Crewe; come, fill up your glass."

"Do you think, Mr. Fearnley," I asked, slyly, "that when we go to Heaven we shall bear any resemblance to what we have been on earth; will our likes and dislikes for material things remain with us, and our general disposition remain the same?"

"Well, Mr. Crewe, it is, perhaps, pleasanter to believe that we shall be ourselves again, only better."

"I have read, Mr. Fearnley, in a little book called 'Gates Ajar,' that the possession of a pianoforte in that better land is not unlikely to those who have found pleasure in music here; and following the happy thought farther, you and I, Mr. Fearnley, might hope to find 'plenty of rum' in the other

unknown world, as without that delight, how could we be happy there?"

This seemed a poser to my aged friend, more particularly as by this time he had swallowed full half a bottle of good rum.

Jael had taken the opportunity, whilst we were in the middle of this discussion, to abstract from the rum-bottle a portion of its contents, her intention being to reserve this "to cure" her father in the morning.

After a good night's rest, a happy result induced by the previous day's fatigue, aided by youth and the before-mentioned bottle of rum, I was early astir. But not before the child-housekeeper, Jael, who I found busied preparing breakfast and attending to the wants of the younger and other members of the family, as regarded their several apparellings, for it was Sunday, and each and all expected their elder sister to assist and advise in the proper choice and adjustment of their "best things."

These little difficulties did not appear to arise from the plenitude of clothing in the family, but rather in the endeavour to produce a fair effect from a very scant wardrobe.

One incident struck me as displaying great in-

genuity, and although the result did not prove a success, still it showed a promptitude and decision of character deserving better luck next time.

A week previous to my visit, Mr. Fearnley, being in Auckland, had bought many things for his family, and amongst them a pair of boots for his second son, Ned, who at the time of which I write was about ten years of age. They were the first pair of boots the youngster had ever possessed, and were of the kind or make known as "Bluchers;" unfortunately, however, the old man had not carried the length of his son's foot in his eye. Possibly he had met so many friends at Davy Shehan's hotel, as to somewhat bewilder his otherwise marvellously correct visual power of measure.

The boots were found, on his return to the mill, to be much too long for Ned, they were too big every way, but length was their main fault.

Poor Ned, with the first pair of boots he had ever possessed in his life, was in despair. Jael, with much good sense, recommended that the Bluchers should be sent back to town by the first boat, and exchanged at the store where they had been purchased for a pair a size smaller. The old man gave no very lucid opinion, having only partially recuperated himself

from the effects of his collision with friends at the above-mentioned hostelry.

Ned, however, had made up his mind not to part with his new acquisition, having matured a plan by which he hoped to surmount the difficulty and render his Bluchers serviceable.

Without saying a word to any one he proceeded to the Mill Flat, where, adjoining the mill there was both a carpenter's and a blacksmith's shop. In the former building he first provided himself with an inch-and-half chisel and a mallet, when without more ado he cut an inch off the toes of his boots; he then went to the blacksmith's shop, where, holding the boot he had in hand firmly on the anvil, he fastened the upper to the sole with a row of strong pump-tacks, which were just long enough to go nicely through all and clench on the anvil underneath.

But, alas! poor Ned overshot the mark when he cut the toes off his Bluchers, for not making any allowance for the shortening produced by closing the upper to the sole by so novel a method of cobbling, he was unable to get them on; they were much too short, as much, indeed, as before they had been too long.

The above-mentioned boots were not only the first

pair given to Ned by his father, they were also the last; for shortly afterwards the youth left his home to seek his fortune, and, some years after, Mr. E. Fearnley had risen in the world to be a contractor in a large way, having a mob of men in his employ.

But to return: after a cheerful good-morning from all, I swing a towel over my shoulder, and with a lump of soap in my hand, betake myself to the creek to luxuriate in a bath and a wash before breakfast.

I love a dip in the early morning before the sun has the mastery, or has got, as it were, time by the throat, and feel cooler and fresher the live-long day afterwards.

Upon my return to the house Jael was singing to herself, whilst at the same time she was busy with the preparation of our breakfast.

JAEL'S SONG.

The spring is coming back again
  And soft the breezes blow,
Whilst bright and warm the sunbeams glance
  And glad the world below,
But tho' the pretty flowers be rife
  That fleck the hillocks gay
They ne'er can be the same to me
  Since mother 's passed away.
    O lonely was the Maori's land,
      And weary was the day,
    O lonely was the Maori's land,
      When mother passed away.

Too late, too late, the pleasant sun
  Hath touched the hills with gold,
It's beams had been a boon of life
  Amidst the winter's cold
When keen the south wind searched our shed;
  Dear mother sinking fast,
A flower upon the winter's skirts
  That quailed beneath the blast.
    O weary was the Maori's land, &c.

For me, in blossom'd sweets of spring
  No more may gladness dwell;
We used to gather flowers for mother,
  Aye! she loved them well,
But now they are not like the same,
  No happy thoughts they wake,
The lips are cold that used to smile
  And kiss them for our sake.
    O weary was the Maori's land, &c.

'Twas mother made the spring so bright
  With loving looks and kind,
And I'll be little mother now
  To all she left behind,
To little brothers—sisters—all—
  Be mine such love to bring,
That mother's gentle spirit still
  May glad each sweet life's spring.
    O lonely was the Maori's land, &c.

Did we say grace before this or any other meal?

No, we did not, and we were so far in the right, and advanced members of society, for I have observed, since my return to England, that it is not the fashion.

Seth now came into the house, having been at the stockyard milking the two cows, to whom the young

people had given the names of 'Lord Nelson' and 'Blucher.' The former bovine female was a brute to manage, and whom it would have been impossible to milk without a "bail." To what man or country the honour of this invention belongs, who can tell? It is in very general use in the Australian colonies; and my advice to any one troubled with a naughty cow, who kicks like fury during the process of milking, is to have a bail constructed in their cow-house. For plan and specification of which ask the next Australian or New Zealand colonist you chance to meet, and should he be unable to give any tenant of "a farm of four acres" a lucid description, listen with misgiving to his personal bush experiences: he has only been a "new chum," a travelling swell, or a counter-jumper, when at the Antipodes.

After breakfast, Seth and I set off for a walk up into the forest, to where the fellers lived.

The kauri began about four miles from the mill, and here, just at the outskirts of the bush, the men had built their huts.

In approaching houses of this sort it is as well to cooëe, whilst still at a respectful distance, and give the inmates time to explain to the dogs, who are always loose, in necessarily strong language, to refrain

from worrying the stranger, else your welcome may be louder and warmer than is pleasant or desirable. My companion being, in this instance, on terms of intimacy with "Lion" and "Trousers," had only occasion to mention their names and present the back of his hand for their inspection to quiet the pair of hounds, which sign I conclude to be a kind of doggy freemasonry.

Here we spent the day roaming about the bush, criticising their method of driving out the logs; talking about timber prices, and other interesting topics relating to the lumber-trade.

We also gathered a quantity of "tawero" to carry back to the mill, after we had eaten on the spot as many as nature would admit.

The tawero "freycinctia banksii" is the fruit of the kie-kie; the butts of the leaves is the part eaten, and marvellously good they are when you find them just ripe and no more, also untouched by rats or insects. It is a good plan to tie up the unripe tawero to keep out such intruders. The kie-kie also throws out another part eaten by some, called uri-uri.

The leaves of the kie-kie grow about two feet long, containing a flax-like fibre, and are much used by the natives in the manufacture of wharikies (mats

for the floor), kits, and even hats—an imitation of the "panama" and nearly as serviceable.

On our road home to the mill, I divulged to Seth Fearnley my wonderful discovery of the gold.

He was not so much astonished as an older and more worldly man would have been.

I believe he would have been equally pleased had I proposed another trip in my boat to some new and likely hunting-ground. How could he, so young and inexperienced, realise the vastness of the fortune ready to his hand.

Poor fellow! my unselfish friend was hurried to his grave, broken-hearted and bewildered, by a demon.

But to return: he readily agreed to assist me to the utmost of his power, in utilising my great discovery, promising at the same time never to open his lips on the subject to any one.

"Whatever we realise, Seth," I remarked, "you shall have half; and when we have a considerable sum, you shall enter yourself at the College at Melbourne. You will learn as much in one year, with masters paid according as they bring you forward, as would occupy most youths three or four; and you shall send Jael to the best teacher we can find in Auckland."

It was thus, sanguine for the future, we reared castles in the air, strolling slowly on our way homeward to the mill.

The following morning I returned to Auckland, taking Seth with me; and the day after, Na Taima having discharged the *Fairy's* cargo, and got our stores on board, we set off on our return voyage.

It was not until Sunday came round that I ventured again to visit the gully where I had found the gold.

Seth and I started after an early breakfast, taking Pluto and Herod with us; nominally we were supposed to be going on a pig-hunting expedition, and indeed, it was our intention, all being well, not to return minus a back-load each of wild pig.

The sun in New Zealand shines bright and vivifying, far surpassing that cloud-obscured luminary as seen in England, and this morning when Seth and I started on our tramp, grew into one of those glorious days so common at the Antipodes.

We walked on and on the track by which I had returned on the day of my great discovery, turning off the ridge where I had clambered up, we descended to the creek, and then waded or jumped from rock to rock, as we made our way up the gorge or cañon to the tiny waterfall. There lay, untouched, the

remains of the pig I had killed on this spot just two weeks previously. I am not altogether correct when I say his remains were untouched, Te ngaro (blow-fly) had been there.

We stayed some time at Golden Falls, for so I had named the place, and also with an eye to our future operations examined carefully the immediate locality.

I was pretty sure of our position, and that we were about sixteen miles from the east coast, and decided to strike through the forest in that direction at all events until we caught sight of the sea.

We had no compass, indeed, practically it would have been of little use in such a mountainous and broken part of the country, and through so tangled a forest. Following a straight course by compass would have led up hill and down hill, and through endless mazes of supple-jack.

On the summit of the ridges the vegetation is almost always scant, and often there is a pig-track, or what in days gone by may have have been a native path. The Maories formerly thickly peopled the land, and a road once made does not readily become obliterated, even if unused for years and years. Marks of former occupation are constantly met with, earthwork fortifications on the hill-tops,

and signs showing where dwellings have been, are to be seen in many parts of the country; these are mostly an oblong excavation, three, four, or more feet deep, the wood and thatch of the roof having long since decayed away. In some of these old "whare puni" trees of a considerable size are found growing. Often, just under the vegetable soil, the fireplace is found, with the charcoal from the last fire still there. These fireplaces are formed by setting flat stones on edge, a few inches above the level of the floor, and enclosing a little hearth some eighteen inches square. The "whare puni" is still used by the Maories in some out-of-the-way places. The side view at a short distance is that of a hillock, for the thatch of the roof is finally covered with earth; they are gable-ended, the roof projecting in front forming a kind of porch; there is one window and one door, both small, the latter a hand-and-knee affair as you go in or out.

Suppose you are sleeping in one of these places (I have, not a few times), before nightfall an old slave-woman will light a fire on the hearth, with dry sticks, there is only the door and sliding wooden window as an outlet for the smoke, and the old creature's eyes suffer accordingly; but who cares? "she is old, a slave, a woman, and ugly." When the fire has

burnt low, all turn in and shut the window and door; the floor is nicely spread with Wharikies and blankets. It is hot and close, and must be tremendously unhealthy, as you can easily suppose, with six or ten people sleeping in a low-roofed hut, hot as an oven, and not a scrap of ventilation.

But in days gone by, before the pakeha visited the land, the above style of house was almost a necessity, Maori mats being quite an insufficient barrier against the cold during the winter nights, with the wind in the south.

After leaving the Golden Falls, an hour's climb brought us to the top of the dividing range of the peninsula; following this for a short distance in a northerly direction, we then turned off along and down a spur leading easterly. The forest is generally so dense in New Zealand that, when travelling, you cannot see far ahead. Perhaps the best guide is a knowledge of the course of the spurs and ranges, assuming that beforehand you have an acquaintance with the geography of the country. On most bush tracks men follow each other—Indian file—and all excepting the leader pay little attention to the road they are going; those who would become good bushmen would do well to lead when not obtrusive to do

so, when you will think less of your legs or the roughness of the path, and more of the lay of the country.

A man who invariably declines the leadership will lose himself forthwith travelling in a strange country. I have met with three or four white men whose knowledge of their whereabouts in the bush was infallible, fellows who, I believe, if let down from a balloon in the centre of the biggest New Zealand or Australian forest, would walk out pretty nearly by the straightest and shortest route.

After another hour's fast walking, we emerged from the bush on to open fern ranges, and still being on high ground, we had a fine view for many miles on either hand, whilst the ocean lay before us, calm, and without a single sail in sight. From where we stood the shore was, perhaps, five miles distant, where there was a spacious harbour; on our left hand we observed a fair-sized creek, having, as it became tidal lower down, a fringe of mangroves on either bank.

"We shall readily find a snug hiding-place for the boat in amongst those mangroves, for round by sea we must come, and you, Seth, will have to take up your lonely abode at the Golden Falls."

The means we took to avoid discovery, and how we worked our mine, I shall transcribe from my Diary.

CHAPTER XI.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods."
Byron.

Monday, February.—Yesterday, Seth Fearnley and myself crossed over the ranges to the east coast; on our way I took my companion to the place I have named Golden Falls. Our chief object in taking this journey was to find a suitable harbour on that side of the peninsula to which we could sail round in the whale-boat, taking such provisions and tools as would be necessary to enable Seth to remain alone and commence working the mine.

On our way home we were lucky enough to catch a pig, so did not return empty handed after so long a day's absence.

Sailed for Auckland in the whale-boat.

Tuesday.—Arrived in town after a good run across the Frith, carrying the land breeze with us nearly to

the Sandspit Island, and again falling in with it after we were through that passage. We shall leave again to-night after completing our purchases.

Wednesday.—Got away last night on the top of high-water, with all we required on board except that we had stupidly forgotten matches, consequently I had "no smoke" through the night, or this morning; however, at about 4·30, being off Cape Colville, and only a mile from shore, the wind being light, and what there was ahead, we pulled in, and landed in a sandy bay. Here we soon found a dry and suitable piece of wood, and rubbed fire.

Mahoe is the best for this purpose, but kauri, or almost any kind of wood will do—if you know how to go to work.

Most savage people have a method of getting fire by the friction of one piece of wood against another. The Maori plan is to place a piece of wood before them in a convenient and steady position, then taking a smaller piece, say the size of a carpenter's pencil, and holding it with both hands, the same as a pen is held in writing, only in this case the left hand supplements the right. Some grasp the piece of wood with one hand over the other; at any rate, you now commence to rub slowly the point of the

smaller bit of wood against the flat surface of the larger, with the grain, and reciprocating over a space of, say, six inches, increasing your speed and pressure gradually. It is hard work, but do not stop; presently it smokes, and you perspire; then chars, and you are ready to drop with fatigue: let your companion have some tinder or punk, or something of that sort near. In the groove you have by this time worn in the larger bit of wood, and with proper manipulation, fire will appear; this nucleus must be placed in a big handful of dry leaves, and then whirling your arm round and round, like a mad windmill, you will fan the spark into a flame.

Any one may do it who has sufficient strength, and has the knack. It is awfully hard work, I can assure you, and I doubt the accomplishment of the feat unless you be in good condition, and are able to run a quarter of a mile in, say, sixty seconds.

Having obtained fire, we easily made tinder by burning korari, or flax stalks, and placed the charcoal thus obtained in an empty sardine tin, which, with an assortment of flint stones, and the back of one's knife, made us independent of matches.

However, not content with this, or perhaps loath to leave the good fire we had made ashore, we con-

structed a hearth amidships in the boat, by placing there a few stones, with a coating of earth on top, on which we could keep a smouldering fire of dry wood.

Afloat again and steering south-east, and rounding Cape Colville, it was about sundown when we came to an anchor between the mainland and an islet. Here we passed the night sleeping in the boat.

Thursday.—Very little wind this morning until at high-water, at 11·30, a breeze sprang up from the west, and we could nicely lay our course.

Presently we let out a line astern and caught some kahuwai and two baracuta.

Towards night, concluded we were near to our destination, so pulled ashore into a bay where we beached the boat, and had a good supper, kahuwai and potatoes; slept in a tent we rigged up with the boat's sail.

Friday.—It was about midday when we ran into the harbour we had observed last Sunday from the edge of the forest.

Steering up the harbour we lost the wind, then taking to the oars, we pulled up into a creek about three miles, where we camped for the night.

Saturday.—Taking advantage of high-water this

morning, we forced a sinuous way through the mangroves, and finally landed about two miles from where we camped last night, and where a quantity of rushes growing near the water's edge made the concealment of the boat complete.

Landed our cargo, of which the subjoined is a list: Flour, fifty pounds; sugar, six pounds; tea, one pound; salt, two pounds; pepper, a quarter of a pound; tobacco, one pound; salt pork, five pieces weighing about thirty pounds altogether; potatoes, twenty pounds; two boxes of sardines, a Yankee axe, a pick, a shovel, a few nails, and a tomahawk: all these, together with a pair of blankets and a few articles of clothing belonging to Seth, I estimated to weigh 200 pounds, and which we made up into four convenient pikau, two of which we carried inland to the Golden Falls that same afternoon where we passed the night.

At night in a great forest one frequently hears sounds strange and weird, when no wind stirs the trees, and the fire has burnt low, all is wonderfully still. Suddenly, perhaps, you notice a lengthened-out kind of noise of which you have no remembrance of ever having heard the like before. A slight eddy of wind has passed over the trees, and a branch

rubbing somewhere up aloft against another has produced this first part of the sound; the latter part is the back-lash, as it were, of the branch returning to its original position. Then there are nocturnal insects who make quaint and unlikely noises; I have also heard several times, as it were, a huge animal rushing through the bush, though when morning came not a footprint was to be seen, not a twig fresh broken. Some forests are said to be haunted, and no wonder; that at Marquesas with its ghostly woodman is a good example. Auricular delusions are not so startling as optical, yet still I contend that a man requires to have his heart in the right place to live alone amongst the great trees.

At different times over twenty men at the Great Barrier Island heard, as it were, a huge creature speeding through the forest; even the dogs were frightened, bristling up their hair and howling.

The wonderful "woorser," as the bushmen had named it, was heard in many different parts of the island, some, indeed, were ready to swear that they had seen the monster; these, however, were mariners, a calling proverbial as producing spinners of tough yarns.

However, three children did see a large unknown

animal bound along the beach, where they had been playing, and then enter the forest. The eldest, a clever child, made a drawing of the creature, which bore, it was said, a strong resemblance to a kangaroo, but as that marsupial is not found in New Zealand, some said it was only an old bush pig—others again thought it might have been a seal.

Sunday.—Returned to the creek where we had left the boat, when, after a rest and something to eat, we set out back again to Golden Falls, each of us with a pikau of about fifty pounds' weight, being the balance of goods required for Seth to start housekeeping.

Monday.—Pitched upon a spot near the fall on a little flat or shelf, on which to build a house, it being also well above the water-mark of the highest fresh. We found manuka poles and nikau in plenty, not half a mile away, and so by night had nearly completed a "whare" six feet by ten.

Tuesday.—Finished the house, having a doorway at one end—the door Seth will make at his leisure.

The last thing before dark we knocked off some pieces of quartz rich with gold, parts of the reef that stood out from the softer rock, and were easy to get at; these we reduced by hammering off such portions

as seemed to contain the least gold, until by this rough-and-ready process we had about twenty pounds of specimens, one-fifth of which was good gold. Afterwards, in the morning, when we came by daylight to examine the pieces we had broken off, we found so much waste that we concluded to rig up some kind of crusher by which we hoped to save the greater portion of the precious metal.

Wednesday.—Set off for the coast where we had left the boat, taking with us the gold we had prepared over night; this I intended, by some means, to convert into money in Auckland, although as yet how to do so I hardly saw my way.

Found the boat as we had left her, and after filling the kegs with fresh water and shipping about 400 pounds of stones as ballast, I bade rather an anxious good-bye to Seth and set sail. I had some cooked meat, and a sufficiency of bread to last a week or more, plenty of tobacco, and one bottle of brandy.

The wind drew rather ahead, and I made a short "leg" out to sea, and then tacked, keeping near the shore during the night so as to catch the land-breeze.

Thursday.—During the early part of last night I

made slow progress, the land-wind being only light, and a heavy swell setting in from the north-east; so heavy indeed ran the sea that I felt sure it must have been blowing hard from that direction.

After a while the wind died away. The calm, however, did not last long, before a breeze sprang up from the south and east—a fair wind for me. By degrees it freshened up a bit and I edged away from the land, not being sure of the position of the Mercury Islands, except that they were somewhere ahead, so wished to sail outside of everything.

I carried on in this way for about an hour, steering, as near as I could guess, N.W., for I could not properly see the card of my compass, the night being very dark. To be sure I had the extemporary tinder-box Seth and I had contrived and furnished when ashore at Cape Colville, but to obtain a light by such means and manage an open boat in a sea-way was out of the question.

When morning broke, though before it was fairly light, the first thing I did was to have a nip of brandy and water, the next to look round and see my position.

"There," said I, aloud, "are the Mercury Islands; but what the 'blank' is that?"

Now, I hold all Swearing to be very contemptible, and a folly to be carefully avoided, if for no other reason than that it perhaps more than anything proclaims the very limited extent of a man's vocabulary.

It was the spectacle before me, coupled perhaps with the brandy, that caused the above slip of the tongue.

A mile to windward lay a schooner apparently water-logged and helpless, rolling heavily in the trough of the sea. I also observed several people in the fore-rigging waving signals to me, and doubtless shouting, though that I could not hear until I was somewhat nearer.

The wreck being to windward, I had my work set to beat up to her in so heavy a sea. However, I could at all events hold my own, whilst the schooner drifted down before the wind and sea in my direction.

I had only one sail on the boat, a sprit-sail, and this was reefed, for it blew hard. However, the boat worked well, and I had the great advantage of a steer-oar in turning her to windward.

I was soon near enough to see that there were five men clinging to or lashed in the fore-rigging. The mainmast had been broken off a few feet below the "hounds." Presently, as I tacked, coming

within easy hail, namely, about sixty yards, I sung out, "What schooner is that?"

"*The Fair Maid of Perth*," was the reply.

The sea was breaking over the wreck now and again in such a manner that I saw much danger in going alongside, such a rush of water, indeed, that no man could have withstood, as it poured across the deck. The schooner was laden with timber, for with other freight she would infallibly have gone to the bottom. Those on board had lashed some pieces of scantling eight or ten feet above the deck to the mast and to the shrouds on either side, thus forming a small platform on which they stood, clear above the rush of water as every recurring wave swept over the schooner. Several of the men on the wreck were all this time making frantic signs and shouting for me to take them into the boat. All except the captain were unmanned and demoralized, and I foresaw great risk, were I near enough, of all the crew of the schooner crowding on board of me and swamping the boat; so on my going about again, and being quite as close to the vessel as was safe, I told the captain and the men if they wished me to save their lives both he and the rest of them must consider themselves under my orders and be quiet,

otherwise we should all be lost. This calmed the shipwrecked people somewhat, and they agreed to what I said, only urging me to be quick and take them into the boat, as the schooner, they declared, would break up directly.

Whilst beating up to the wreck I had got a coir-line ready, and being now as near as I dared to go, after making fast one end to the stern of the boat, I threw the other on board the vessel, ordering the man who caught the line to make fast but not haul in upon me. I then stepped quickly forward and brailed up the sail. I now rode as it were at anchor to the lee of the schooner, the brailed-up sail holding some wind, drew the boat, as far as the line would admit, away from the wreck. At times, truly, the rope stretched so as almost to part, and only by slacking off or hauling in at the proper time we averted such a catastrophe.

Watching my opportunity, I hauled up to the wreck and succeeded in taking off two of the crew, when some heavy seas breaking over the vessel, I slacked away a bit. Again drawing near, I managed to get the remaining three into the boat. After this we cut away from the wreck, and, with the wind nearly aft, set sail for the Mercury Islands.

Handing the steer-oar to the captain of the late *Fair Maid of Perth*, I proceeded to find some refreshment for my passengers, giving to each a little bread and meat and a nip of brandy. The poor men had been forty hours without food or drink, and were ravenous, and so thirsty!

After a while the men, being somewhat strengthened, began to talk, each rather loudly, proclaiming what he had done or said during their late trying circumstances, striving, as the lower orders are wont, to outvoice each other and relieve themselves of their many words, barely taking in the meaning of the oath-bespattered talk of their fellows. The captain alone said little, but from him I learned that *The Fair Maid of Perth* had sailed from Auckland for Duneden with a cargo of timber; that whilst the crew were at dinner the cook had taken the wheel. They were running at the time before a north-easter, and a heavy sea was on. The cook, not minding his steering, let her jibe, which misadventure snapped the boom in two, and broke the mainmast just below the hounds. In the confusion that ensued, the schooner came up too near the wind, when a green sea struck her, giving the vessel such a twist as must have started some of her wood ends. She

now began to settle down, the pumps making no impression on the leak, and would have certainly gone to the bottom had not her hold been filled up with boards and scantling.

Friday.—This morning the shipwrecked crew being much refreshed, we set sail for town.

Saturday.—Reached Rangitoto Reef, where we camped for the night.

Sunday.—Arrived in Auckland this morning, and, after so much roughing it, fully appreciate a dinner at the *Victoria Hotel*.

I received much commendation for saving the lives of the crew of *The Fair Maid of Perth*, and being sufficiently well known as a wanderer and amateur collector of bird's skins, and one who frequently took open-boat voyages, I escaped much questioning as to my having no one with me when I fell in with the schooner.

Monday. — Ordered certain ironwork at Mr. Bourne's foundry that I wanted to enable me to set up a small machine with which to crush quartz.

Finding I should have to wait some days for the ironwork, I determined upon going for a short trip to the Waikato River.

Tuesday.—Having engaged a good horse at the

Exchange Hotel over night, I set off early this morning.

For the first ten miles after leaving Auckland the soil appeared to be fairly good where there was enough of it to cover the scoriæ rocks, but soon after passing Otahuhu the quality of the land became such as would hardly repay a farmer to work. Cantering on at a good pace for some ten miles more, I entered the forest. Here, for upwards of an hour, the track leading up and down hill and across bridgeless creeks, was altogether too rough to allow me to travel out of a walk.

At length, through an opening in the forest, from a high "razor back," I had a magnificent view of the Waikato, studded at this point with beautiful wooded islands.

When about two miles from the river I turned off the main road to the right along a track that led to the Maori settlement of Tuakau, where it was my intention to pass the night.

Distance from town, thirty-six miles.

Wednesday.—The natives almost always receive travellers with hospitality and courtesy. Of course they beg, not after the manner of the European mendicant, but asking for tobacco as any of "us"

might of a friend if one's pouch or cigar-case chanced to be empty. My experience is that it is the best to be liberal in this matter, but with judgment, giving to the right men or women. Do not let savages think you an extravagant fellow or a fool, nor ever allow your pipe to pass from mouth to mouth, as some pakeha tutua do. Maories are quick to know a gentleman by his ways, and very justly conclude a dirty skinned, finger-nail clogged rough to be a slave white man. Being able to speak the language is a great advantage in all dealings with natives, although I have heard the reverse asserted. However, no one will be surprised at my positive assurance that the former view is the correct one, when I mention that being a Maori-talker saved me from being shot—murdered in cold blood by a couple of fanatical savages, and the same knowledge has at various times pulled me through numerous troubles.

I hired a Maori man at this place (Tuakau) as guide for my further journey up country.

Returning to the main road I had been travelling yesterday, we continued over and down some very steep ranges to the river-side at a place called Te Ia, where there were some old Maori fortifications. Riding on our way we followed the banks of the

Waikato for some miles, at times skirting along the edges of an immense swamp.

Of the whole country, as seen from the road up to Ngaruawahia, I should say that only a small portion is suitable for agriculture. Eventually the swamps may be turned to good account, as in most instances the soil is of excellent quality, and could be drained and brought into cultivation at a cost not greatly exceeding that of clearing forest lands; also, being an extended flat, could be much easier managed and worked than the undulatory and broken parts of the country. Unlike the swamps of other countries, their neighbourhood can rarely be considered unhealthy.

Thursday.—Spent the day here at Ngaruawahia smoking, chaffing with the Maori girls, sitting in the sun, and thinking of —— nothing.

This portion of the province of Auckland is a kind of refuge for the destitute. I mean those useless mortals coming under the appellation of broken-down swells, pakeha under a cloud, a sort of cannot dig, to beg I am not ashamed people.

Friday.—Left Ngaruawahia this morning with a party of natives who were also going to Auckland on horseback. We took it easy, excepting that when

on the level skirting the swamps we raced like boys on donkeys at a fair, or rode as fox-hunters in a muddy English lane.

Passed the night at Pokeno, a Maori settlement a little off the main road on the right-hand side.

Travelling in this style would not suit those who make comfort their *summum bonum*, or who become morose under very plain or insipid fare; good people who are always preparing for or expecting a great run of happiness in the future, which never comes; whose chief pleasure is in anticipation, or whose constitution, mental sometimes, physical sometimes, urges them to waste present opportunities of wholesome youthful jollity.

In that other land we may regret our past folly when in the flesh, of hoarding up supposed adjuncts to our happiness, as squirrels lay up a winter store; but I never heard that the rodents had a jolly time of it, or a feast during their hibernation, or that there was much fun in those "good times coming boys."

Saturday.—Arrived in town.

I found my ironwork completed, of which the following is a list:—

A casting, cheese-shaped, six inches in diameter by two inches thick.

A piece of wrought ironwork like a monster pump tack, the head thereof five inches in diameter by two inches thick, the shank or nail part one and a half inches square by nine inches long.

One ring four inches in diameter.

Two larger rings ten inches in diameter.

Two pieces of bar-iron, twelve inches long by three inches square, turned up for three and a half inches at one end.

All these I nailed up in two boxes, one marked "Flat Fig Tobacco," and the other "Best Sydney Soap." I did not want prying folk at the mill to see and wonder for what on earth this ironwork was intended.

When I gave the order to old Mr. Bourne he naturally wanted to know to what purpose I was going to put this ironwork.

"Mr. Bourne," said I, "if my experiment succeeds you will know some day; if it, however, fails, I shall have one less, through not telling you, to bore me by asking how I am getting on with my machine."

The truth is not always to be told. I believe he thought the ironwork was intended to form part of some contrivance by which to clean flax.

I also bought at "Gundry's," the chymist's shop,

all the quicksilver he had to spare, namely, three pounds, at 7*s.* 6*d.* per pound.

Wrote to a commission agent, in Sydney, to send me a more considerable quantity.

Having got all my traps and some provisions on board my boat, and having engaged a couple of natives named respectively Mamahu and Pita, for my crew, we set sail just whilst the 58th Regiment were beating tattoo.

Sunday.—At sea. Were my two hired Maori men and myself silent cooped up in a boat, or did we talk much?

I may certainly say we did not lack conversation. We chatted together about the wind and the tides, the run of the latter my Maori crew understood perfectly, but were unbelieving when I spoke of the moon's influence on the great oceans, rather preferring to adhere to an old opinion by which it appeared that the cry of a certain sea-bird was all potent in its mysterious action on the ebb and flow.

Words, mere words, have no meaning in the ears of my two companions, and it is hopeless to convince them of the folly of their theory of the tides, hopeless, indeed, as might be the attempt to obscure the sun with a boy's kite.

Utterly senseless, and out of the course of nature, are numerous Maori beliefs—nay, the word is not strong enough, as only conveying the idea of trust arising from evidence, whereas, with Maories, many early imbibed convictions are certainties—a state of mind difficult to understand, but almost universal with savage peoples, and common enough in Europe amongst the bigoted and ignorant.

Knowledge is said to be power; it is also doubt, and often refutation, but never certainty.

I also told my pair of aborigines of railways, telegraphs, sun pictures, balloons, and weaving, of the making of grog and gunpowder. The two latter arts were greatly the most interesting, as the possession of these luxuries were much coveted by the natives, and their private manufacture appeared to them possible.

A wise government, at the time of which I write, prohibited the sale to the Maori of both these means of extinction, and even Europeans had to obtain a magistrate's order before they could purchase powder, shot, or copper caps, and then only a small quantity at a time. This was such a bother and loss of time that I frequently made my own ammunition, and strange as some may think it, I had most difficulty with the manufacture of shot.

I set about making gunpowder in the following manner: I bought several pounds' weight of both sulphur and saltpetre; to the latter I added a little warm water, and skimmed the floating dirt away. For charcoal I selected a white wood, having a grain and appearance like elder, splitting up portions into pieces a finger's size, and nine inches long; these I neatly piled in a camp oven, and making up a fire under and over, in the course of an hour they became perfect charcoal pencils.

After pounding the charcoal fine, I weighed as under:

Sulphur 4 ounces.
Saltpetre 24 „
Charcoal 4 „

After first stirring together, and drying the three constituents roughly on a dish, I passed the lot two or three times through a coffee-mill, so as intimately to mix all together. I then made the whole into a black mud pie on the dish by adding a little water and a minute proportion of gum. This mess I spread out thin over the dish with a butcher's knife, and after scoring it across and across, and so forming it into little cubes, I set it to dry in the hot sun.

I may remark with regard to the strength of this

powder that its limit of killing power being thirty yards, it did not make a crack, or report, equal to ordinary gunpowder. However, it answered the purpose very well for shooting wild pigeons, and now and then, although very rarely, a duck, when I chanced to get a near shot; and as to the former stupid birds, why the worst shot that ever squinted along a gun could hardly fail to knock them over. A substitute for new copper caps was easily found by saving those expended, and making them serve again and again, with a fresh charge of detonating matter taken from the head of a wax "vesta" match.

But I never succeeded to my own satisfaction as a maker of Shot, they would never "come" round, but were all sorts of funny shapes, only anything but globular.

But to return to the boat in which the two natives and myself are lazily reclining. The wind is fair, though light, and we go dodging on our course across the Frith of Thames to our home up the river.

Pita, which is the Maori way of writing Peter, and myself had great fun chaffing Mamahu, who, it leaked out, had a sweetheart, a *fiancée*, at present residing with her tribe at Oraki Bay, near Auckland.

As a kind of keepsake, he wore, day and night, a certain under garment, formerly appertaining to that young lady's costume. A glorious tongue is the Maori for chaff, it is a language of which it may be said that you can open your mouth and let it say what it likes.

Natives feel "no call" to suit their conversation to those present, and say things before women and children that would sound very shocking if rendered into English. Words whose synonyms in English would be highly improper to use, are nowise startling to listen to in the native Maori, and, indeed, sound "all right."

Monday.—Arrived at the mill; all the men glad to see me, and many inquiries for grog; not believed when I say I have none.

I will now leave my Diary, and briefly as I can relate, how Seth Fearnley and myself worked our gold-mine.

As often as possible I paid him a visit at his hut at the Golden Falls, taking him each time small parcels of such things as he required, and bringing back on my return very much gold in the form of rich specimens. He also, sometimes, came down at night quite close to the mill, when I would meet

him, and when we could talk over our affairs without the danger of interruption.

We were four weeks from the time of my return from town with the ironwork before our primitive crushing machine was completed. As Seth had nearly all the work to do by himself, and often with tools ill adapted to the operation he had in hand, it had taken more time to construct than we had anticipated.

For the prime mover of our machine we made a "flutter" wheel.

At a convenient place, about ten feet from the fall, and may be twelve below the level of the stream above, we laid and fixed two heavy spars, on which we built the bearings of the flutter wheel. The wheel itself was made out of a piece of timber ten feet long by one foot in diameter. First, driving *on* a ring and a gudgeon *into* each end—the same before-mentioned in my list of ironwork—and nicely hewing the shaft round and true, into which we then mortised holes, and drove in spokes or arms, standing out eight inches, to which we fixed boards —there were six of them—the floats or buckets of the water-wheel. These boards were only five feet long, the other end of the shaft of the wheel being devoted to two "cams." The water was led in a

shoot or flume directly over, and guided in a box with its lower opening, measuring five feet by two inches on to the near side of the wheel, on which it fell, bodily, a height of ten feet, causing the wheel to make fifty revolutions in the minute. At the end of the wheel-shaft, and where the cams were, and directly below them, was fixed on end a log five feet long by three feet diameter, one foot of its length being let into the rock, so making it stand steady and secure. In the upper end of this log was bored and chiselled out a perpendicular hole six inches in diameter, and two feet nine inches deep, and near the bottom of this was cut, as it were, a window, six inches square. The cheese-shaped casting before-mentioned was put in the bottom, and the side mortise, or window, closed in with finely-perforated sheet-iron, 150 to the square inch. The stamper was ten feet long, and kept in its proper and perpendicular position by wooden slides; a strong tooth of hard wood stood out from the stamper, and the whole was so arranged that on the flutter wheel being set in motion, the cams in the wheel-shaft acting against this tooth, lifted the stamper sixteen inches, and let it drop twice upon every revolution of the water-wheel.

The piece of wrought-iron, before mentioned, as like a very big tack, formed the stamper-head.

Leading from below the opening or window of the stamper-box, we made a shoot with ripples, and a copper plate. The former intended to catch such stray particles of gold, amalgam, or quicksilver, as might escape from the stamper-box, and preparing the latter for a like purpose, by cleaning off with nitric acid, and immediately silvering, by pouring on a small quantity of quicksilver.

Putting some quicksilver and a handful or two of specimens, the size of road metal, into the stamper-box, and turning in also a fine stream of water, we start the machine—dash, stump, crunch, bang, dirty water squirts through the holes in the perforated sheet-iron, runs down the shoot, over the ripples, over the newly-silvered copper plate, over a piece of blanket, and away.

We lost much fine gold, no doubt, but we saved enough to satisfy ourselves.

After one day's work with the machine, or when all the quicksilver Seth possessed had become thickened by amalgamation, he would "clean up,"—a process much the same with our little toy of an affair as it is with the great quartz-crushing mills of

California or Australia, that is, collecting the quicksilver, more or less in the form of amalgam. This is poured a pound's weight or two at a time on to a chamois leather, placed over a basin or dish, where it may bag down conveniently for receiving this ponderous fluid; then dexterously gathering in together the corners and edges of the "chamois," and tightly squeezing, and wringing the leather until every particle of "liquid silver" is forced through the pores and falls into the dish below, the amalgam remains semi-solid behind, perhaps, as big as a duck's egg, or may be, if your claim is a "duffer," only the size of a pea, or less. At any rate, when retorted, about one-fifth of the amalgam will be gold, which desideratum is attained by placing the amalgam in a cast-iron retort, luted with clay, around which a roaring fire is made, whilst a pipe leading from out the retort, and having a convenient length and bend, has its outlet immersed in a bucket of water, where the mercurial fumes condense and the gold remains, not very pure, but marketable.

In this form, from time to time, I received much gold from Seth, when I would, as I had opportunity or leisure, farther improve its appearance and quality, by melting in a crucible. This I managed at my

forge at the mill. Having always ironwork connected with the machinery on hand for repair, I was enabled to remain at work by myself ever so late at night without causing surprise to any of my men.

Gold is hard to melt, nearly as hard as iron, and consequently requires a heat equal to 1300° Fah. before it will run. My method was as follows:

I lifted, with a pair of tongs made on purpose, a small crucible, in which I had placed some gold, together with a little borax as a flux, on a strong and clean fire. Then covering the mouth of my melting-pot with a piece of old saw plate, I further heaped the fire around, and steadily worked the bellows, occasionally peeping through the glare into the crucible, when presently in about fifteen minutes, the gold would be melted. Then quickly lifting the crucible with my tongs from off the fire, and tipping its contents into ready prepared moulds of dry clay, the metal, when cold, assumed the form of shapely little triangular bars. Seth never worked the machine when the wind would have carried the thump of the stamper in the direction of the mill, or of the native settlements, or even on a still day when the noise might have been heard by some wandering native gum digger. Indeed, he always chose bois-

terous weather, or when the wind was strong from the west, to set the stamper a-going; and, at any rate, had he been ever so indifferent to discovery, he could not have quarried out, and prepared stone enough for the machine, had his time been occupied with crushing daily.

Our reef, or leader, measuring only four inches in thickness, a drive for a considerable distance following the course of the gold-bearing quartz had to be quarried out, and through excessively hard rock, before much stone could be got ready for the machine.

We had many a talk together about our property —how to convert our little triangular pale yellow bars into coin of the realm?

CHAPTER XII.

"How much better is it to get wisdom than gold!"
Prov. xvi. 16.

ROBINSON CRUSOE, whilst busy with the construction of his big canoe, was frequently disturbed by the question arising in his mind, by what means should he ever launch so weighty a concern? However, he put the difficulty from his thoughts by the foolish answer, "Let me first make it; I warrant I shall find some way or other to get it along when it is done."

Seth and I had been following a somewhat similar method of reasoning. We had worked our reef, and had collected much gold, but had not, as yet, hit upon any plan by which we could privately turn it into cash; although all along we had flattered ourselves that this would be a matter of easy accomplishment.

I have lately thought, on the reperusal of 'The Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe,' that Defoe overrated the difficulty in the way of getting this pirogue or canoe afloat.

In the first place he makes the original log to be only twenty-two feet long by between five and six feet in diameter—no great matter for one man, give him time, to move up a slight incline for a hundred yards, as will be readily conceded by any bushman; and when materially reduced in bulk by hewing and dubbing the outside into shape, and digging out the inside, would certainly not exceed two tons in weight, a mass he might have got along by placing a glut or fulcrum at both extremities of the canoe, when, by using a lever eighteen feet long, he would have easily "cut" first one end which he would "chock," and then the other, carrying the canoe by each operation over two feet of ground.

And equally, perhaps, many of my readers may think it a very simple thing to sell 14,349 ozs. 8 dwt. 13 grs. of gold, which was the total weight won by us from the leader at Golden Falls.

All along as I have wandered in my narrative up to this point, it had been my intention to relate with exactness all particulars connected with our

disposal of the gold, but now being, as it were, face to face with this period in the story of my life, I incline, for reasons I leave to the imagination of my kind unknown reader, to abridge my original plan.

At this time it was arranged between Seth and myself that I should take a voyage to Sydney, and then sell a small portion of our gold; this I managed without much trouble, and, after four weeks' absence, returned with £768 clear of all my expenses.

Sydney and Melbourne were, at this period, in a chronic state of excitement by reason of the gold-diggings. The latter place, more particularly, having rich alluvial, or poor men's diggings, was a very bank with an ever-ready balance in favour of the clever and the muscular. The population had increased and was increasing by thousands, of the able men of all countries; men who, finding no opening for their talents or energies in old worn-out parts of the world, flew to Melbourne, and there lit upon their legs. The pick of the world's basket rushed to Victoria.

After Seth had been located five months in his little house near the Fall, he began to find the difficulties of mining continually on the increase. The rock about the leader had always been hard to work, and the quantity of quartz to be got out in the course

of a day only small, but that was of minor consequence whilst the return was fifty ounces to the ton of stone; but, as we proceeded, the stuff became less and less rich, indeed, it often now happened that, for days together, we never saw the "colour;" at the same time, as a culmination of our present ill-luck, the leader began to dip in its course, necessitating an amount of labour to follow it quite beyond our powers. At length we who had been spoilt by such marvellous rich stone as that we had had at first to deal with, were now tired and disgusted with the poor return our crushings at this time yielded, and therefore determined to abandon the mine.

Before doing so, however, we burnt all the woodwork appertaining to our machine, or that by axe-marks might betoken the former presence of man. Also we put a couple of shots, each containing a pound of powder into the face of the Fall, which to some extent obliterated and naturalized the appearance of our recent excavations. After this, finding a suitable rata-tree of great size, we hid away up aloft in its branches our ironwork and tools. Some may wonder we did not dig a hole and bury all our gear in preference to "planting" them forty feet from the earth in the fork of a big tree.

The fact is I never had any faith in a ground "cache" in a forest, where the soil having been once disturbed retains its unwonted appearance for months, whereas the fork of a big tree is a capital hiding-place; seeing nothing from below, who is going to escalade, at the risk of breaking his neck, a tree five or six feet in diameter, and forty feet without a limb?

The bark of our rata-tree was not sufficiently soft to allow of our driving in wooden pins or trenails, and so forming a way aloft, as we had done when climbing the kauri on the Great Barrier Island, and consequently we had to invent some other plan for climbing the tree, or give it up. After a careful examination of the advantages of the locality, we concluded that it would be possible to swing into the top of the big tree. The rata grew near to the bottom of the gully, and it happened that about fifteen yards off and up the steep hill-side there stood a tall rewa-rewa, a tree with many small branches, and, in this case, easy to climb; it also had a considerable lean out of the perpendicular to the left hand, looking down hill.

Seth mounted up this tree, and when at an elevation of fifteen feet from the ground, was on the same level as the fork of the big rata, such was the rise in

the ground from one tree to the other. He had carried up with him a rope we had contrived by tightly twisting several supple-jacks together, and after mounting nearly fifty feet up the rewa-rewa, he made it fast, the other end reaching to within a couple of feet of the ground: coming down, he seated himself in a loop we had made at the lower end of our rope; I then made fast to the swing a line of plaited flax, with the aid of which I proceeded to swing my companion, getting up the steam, as it were, by degrees, and guiding his course as he was launched with great rapidity backwards and forwards, every recurring oscillation making him describe a more and more extended arc, until at last he fairly landed in the fork of the rata, and retained his hold by grasping a great tuft of whara-whara. I then climbed up the rewa-rewa and cut away the swing; Seth, retaining the other end of the rope, which when secured, would give him the means of coming safely from his giddy height to the ground. The line of plaited flax I had used to impel my companion on his aërial flight now came in handy to hoist up our gear into the tree, where he stowed the ironwork and tools, fixing all securely by driving a few big nails into the tree, and lashing the articles thereto.

It is my belief that they are there to this day.

Gold-bearing quartz has not, to my knowledge, been found in the precise locality I have indicated; although very successful claims have been worked within ten miles of this place, where, twenty years ago, on that memorable Sunday, I lighted upon this marvellously rich leader.

Without any very great expenditure of labour the leader could be followed, and in my opinion, a fabulous amount of the precious metal would reward the enterprize.

Perhaps some smart Victorian, after reading my narrative, and from my description of the waterfall, with its miniature cañon below, may discover the spot, and even find the rata-tree with our ironwork all corroded in its top. Gazing up aloft at this giant of the forest, and guessing the secret there hidden, will he have pluck and skill to swing into its top?

The last work of destruction and obliteration, namely, the burning down of his house, was left for Seth to complete the following day, whilst I returning to the mill, had the whale-boat got ready, and setting sail by myself down the river, I landed at a spot about eight miles from the mill.

Here I was presently joined by Seth, with a

heavy swag of gold on his back, being the surplus or remaining portion that we had not previously conveyed to Auckland.

On our voyage up to town, we, having a considerable part of our gold in the boat, and knowing exactly what we had elsewhere, made a fair and equal division of the property. I guess there never was a whale-boat having so valuable a cargo on board.

Arriving in town, I quietly stored my share at a friend's house, packing the little yellow bars in several large tin cash-boxes and then stowing these away in two great wooden chests and a portmanteau that I had brought from England with me, and in which I kept such clothes as I had no present occasion to use, amongst which was a suit I had brought from England—that most senseless and ugly of costumes which with little alteration in cut and colour, the males of civilization have, for the past fifty years, combined together to consider "dress."

Because the fashion is unbecoming and uncomfortable, it has stood the mark so long—mankind, white, brown, or black, having the proclivity to apparel themselves so as to appear funny, enduring mild tortures in head, feet, and body covering.

"Papa," said a little fellow aged four years,

seeing his paternal parent in full dress, "are you going to wait?"

His son, from a healthful habit of going early to bed, had only heretofore seen the man-servant in such a rig.

In the course of the next few days I obtained for Seth some good letters of introduction to two merchants in Melbourne, and he, taking his passage in a fine fore-and-aft schooner called *The Staghound*, set sail with the determination of entering the Melbourne College upon his arrival and doing his best by constant application to retrieve the neglected education of his boyhood.

Before leaving Auckland he left with me a sum of money to use for Jael's advantage, consequently I made an arrangement with a lady lately arrived from England to undertake the education of my friend's sister. And truth to say, I do not know which party reaped the greater advantage, for if Jael learned daily lessons from books, Mr. and Mrs. Loverock and their family acquired such useful practical knowledge from the new inmate of their house, such every-day colonial guidance in their dealings with men and things, as resulted in the eventual success of the Loverock family in New Zealand.

Mr. and Mrs. Loverock, with their two daughters and three sons, belonged to that much-to-be-pitied class known as decayed gentlefolk. They were possessed of little money, and could do nothing. Mrs. Loverock would vent herself in a fit of crying over the labour and trouble of washing her husband's shirts; nor was she in her element when in the kitchen, every substance she attempted to cook having, when dished up under her auspices, the same taste. Her bread, poor woman, was only fit to be eaten by men possessing an appetite and digestion equal to those whose daily toil is in a brickyard. Mr. Loverock was equally wanting, having no notion of chopping a bit of firewood, nor could he use a spade or drive a nail. Not one of the family could milk a cow. Yet these very good but useless people had left England to farm in the New Zealand bush!

Jael saved this family from penury and all the sad train attendant.

When first I placed Jael in this family Mr. Loverock was about the purchase of a farm—sad misnomer—from the Government. It was situated at the Wahu, six miles from Auckland, and it happened that Mrs. Loverock, accompanied by Jael, went to see the place before the completion of the intended pur-

chase. The price of the land was 10*s.* per acre, and would have taken a third of Mr. Loverock's small capital, and being a bad soil and fit for no farming purpose, indeed, good for nothing except perhaps to convert into bricks, which cannot be considered a farmer's crop, would have proved the poor man's ruin.

I had told Mrs. Loverock that Jael would have money, knowing the immense respect paid to the possessor of this desideratum. Perhaps had Jael been at this time a poor girl under her charge she would have paid no attention to her opinion, but having money, Jael's advice was of value, such is the way of the world, and luckily for this Loverock family they were not exempt from the popular prejudice.

Jael told Mrs. Loverock that the farm was not worth having as a gift, that not growing fern or tea-tree except in a very dwarfed condition, it would certainly not grow grass, potatoes, corn, or pumpkins. If the fern had been seven feet and the tea-tree double that height, the soil would not be bad; but the first was only a foot above the ground, and the other plant not much better.

Taking Jael's advice, Mr. Loverock eventually bought 150 acres of land near Otahuhu, and started

farming. He certainly was without an iota of knowledge of the pursuit he was undertaking.

Jael was their factotum, their forewoman. She taught them to milk the cows and feed the calves, to make the butter, to manage the fowls, to make bread, to cook, and to wash. She was also interpreter when they had any dealings with the natives. There never was such a clever little woman as Jael, at least that is my opinion.

No fear of the Loverocks making new chums' mistakes with her in the house. Nay, she also drew the plan of their house, with a specification of the timber, bricks, windows, doors, shingles, house-blocks, paint, nails, scrim and paper-hangings required. It was quickly and cheaply built, and when finished, found to be very convenient and comfortable.

Do not conclude, dear young ladies, that the above-named practical accomplishments tend to obliterate the feelings of caste or make the worker look vulgar. Much doubtless may be said in favour of leaving work to the servant class in cold, wet, sunless England, but at the Antipodes many circumstances combine to make things different. There ladies often enjoy the satisfaction of knowing that they are usefully employed.

At this period, finding myself possessed of a little spare capital in ready money, I invested £150 in five acres of suburban land, on which property I subsequently built two houses. I also purchased 200 acres of land up the country at a place called Mongatawiri, at a cost on the average of 30*s.* an acre, and also a town lot in Beresford Street.

I once heard a preacher from a pulpit in York Minster observe that those men who are always roaming about the world are intellectually inferior to the stay-at-homes. I declare I think the other way.

Who, I might ask, peopled America and the Australian Colonies in modern times, and how came it to pass that these countries should produce men often surpassing those of the Old World in so many ways?

Even in English specialities as taught at such seats of learning as Oxford or Cambridge, or as politicians and orators in the "House," they are frequently to the fore.

For the last hundred years the best samples of British humanity have migrated to most parts of the world. Notably younger sons and clever mechanics making America and other countries their abodes

"did well;" whereas in old worn-out England they had stagnated. Even in country places if there was a smart fellow in a village he rarely could bear the stupid monotony of ways and words in his neighbours, and would seek his fortune in "foreign parts."

At this period, namely, after I had seen my friend Seth off to Melbourne and his sister Jael fairly settled with Mr. and Mrs. Loverock, I took a trip to Taranaki, sailing from the Manukau in a smart little schooner called *The Eclair*. Setting sail from the village of Onehunga, we only got as far as the Heads the first day, and here we were detained well nigh a week by the setting in of a tremendous gale from the west, which, tumbling in such a sea on the bar, rendered our farther voyage for the present impossible. So great was the force of the wind that even in our sheltered position, under the lee of the land and in smooth water with both anchors down, whenever a concentrated squall would rush against us it was a toss up whether or no the chains, as they rose out of the water far ahead, straight and rigid, could bear the strain.

Our detention at the Manukau Heads was doubtless highly disgusting to the owners, as we were eating

up all profit accruing out of our passage-money. And, indeed, it was aggravating to us all, making our voyage take more than double the usual length of time.

It was on the Manukau Bar on the 7th of February, 1863, H.M.S. *Orpheus* was lost and the greater part of the crew drowned. There was no officer on board having a correct knowledge of the channel, and trusting to the survey and soundings made some years before on a constantly shifting bar by Captain Drury of H.M.S. *Pandora*, a bar whose deepest water was at one time in the south channel and a few years after farther over to the north, a bar whose tide ran over shoal or channel straight for the harbour, whose way in was winding, but whose tide flowed direct. No wonder they touched the bottom. It was said at the time that one of the men on board who knew the place told the officer of the watch that they were going wrong. As might be expected, he was not listened to, and presently all was lost.

A good sailor—a coaster, can find his way in over a bar by a kind of instinct. What matters it to him not having been there before? My friend Janson was a good example of this cleverness. P. Marks,

the skipper of *The Eclair*, was another—a better pair of seafaring men I have never met.

The darkest night was as daylight to them, nor did they ever run their craft ashore in awkward places, or wreck their vessels, or otherwise make a mess of things in any of their many voyagings.

We were a jolly party on board *The Eclair*. First, I may mention our skipper, pleasant and obliging, and as good a sailor as ever felt his way into a harbour on a dark night.

Then there was an officer of one of Her Majesty's regiments going to Taranaki on some Governmental business.

A daguerreotypist, who offered to sell me his camera and all appliances for taking sun-pictures by that bygone process for £20.

One of the passengers was an eccentric fellow, who had been whisked and blown about during a hurricane in the island of Jamaica. He was in a house, he averred, when it was lifted from its foundations and bowled along before the gale for many miles, until at length it brought up against a gigantic cotton-wood tree. Here he lay for many days prone upon the ground, with a great beam across his back, until discovered by his faithful

negroes, who succeeded eventually in dragging him from amongst the débris, leaving, we fancied, the greater portion of his wits behind.

Taranaki has no harbour; and, indeed, to speak of the locality where ships do come to an anchor off the town as a roadstead would be to pay a compliment to the place.

A great portion of the land in this province is good, and the country pretty, but altogether it is the last place I should pitch upon for my home. The beach is anything but "yellow sand," being black as coal dust with titaniferous iron ore.

Mount Egmont overlooks the town, and, white with perpetual snow, is as perfect a sugar-loaf cone as could be imagined.

Whilst at Taranaki I renewed my acquaintance with a young fellow whom I had formerly met in England. I had some knowledge of his friends, who, having acquired, on payment at the rate of £3 per acre in London, the right to select land from a certain block in this province, had sent the young gentleman to the Antipodes, giving him an outfit of things supposed necessary for the proper management of bush-farming in New Zealand, and with some little money in his pocket, starting him in the

world. Amongst other things he carried out with him quite a library of big volumed encyclopædias, a kind of property for which I have a great respect, and certainly have nothing to say against any one —who can afford it—becoming the happy possessor of big books. But an emigrant was hardly likely to cull say £25 worth of pleasure or information from works of reference, and the above guess amount at their cost price, that horsy and betting men have combined to call a pony, would have proved a tidy and more handy property if appearing on the right hand page of his banking-book.

My young friend's farm was in the forest, and five miles from the town, and at the time of my visit he had a good boarded house and six acres of land cleared, that is, the trees cut down two or three feet above the ground, logged into short lengths left to dry during the summer months, and then burnt. Indeed, in the case of my friend, he had calcined all so thoroughly as to include his house and effects amongst the ashes—the encyclopædias just mentioned, not escaping the conflagration, the messuage I saw being his second effort at bush architecture.

It was an agreeable surprise to meet at this house a man and his wife who were from a village near my

home in the old country. I am sure the pleasure was mutual, and great by its rarity, your humble servant being the only person who had any knowledge of their native parish that they had met in New Zealand. Should Mrs. Quickly happen by chance to read this narrative, will she remember regaling us with pumpkin-pie? The circumstance is indelibly impressed in my recollection, being at the time very hungry, whilst the vegetable tart was as near perfection in its manufacture as was possible with so coarse a constituent in its composition.

After dinner we rode along a bush track through the forest to call upon Mr. Page, who was erecting a sawmill, to be driven by steam, a most insane project, there not being a sufficient "stand" of big trees handy to the place, perhaps, on the average four remu to the acre, that being the timber most in demand in this province. After a stay of ten days at Taranaki, during which time I seemed to become acquainted with every one in the place, I set off, per *Eclair*, on my return to Auckland.

I do not remember much of my voyage home, excepting that we were not so jolly a party as when outward bound. There was a gentleman on board, the austereness of whose visage made the skipper

and myself so low spirited as to impel us frequently to "make it 12 o'clock."

These drinks at imaginary "eight bells," at odd times during the course of the day, the skipper and I always accomplished in a furtive manner when there were no others in the cabin. Knowing the above-mentioned gentleman's tongue was hanging out "for a glass of grog," we had great fun in keeping him without that stimulant, as some return for the boredom and pharisaical attempt of "coming over us" a moral superiority.

The world, in my opinion, has grown much wiser during the last twenty years; the rising generation having more moral pluck and sense than we had, not permitting obtrusive dogmatists to sit upon them as yieldingly as we of the passing generation were weak enough to do, and the result is that the *quasi* professional Guide aloft, now admits as facts, and even promulgates things, to speak of which, in my young days, would have turned all the hearers' eyes in virtuous horror to the whitewash of the ceiling.

I may instance in the by-going as a mild example how all novels were condemned as trash, or as improper reading for the young, whereas now-a-days one

may hear half a dozen times a year from the pulpit—if a good church-goer—that there is no harm in a perusal of the best works of fiction.

Our fore-elders, and many of us yet think the Book we have got into the habit of swearing by and on, proper reading for the young, and surely it is a work of fiction in many parts, a work by the way that, to suit the delicacy and refinement of these times, really wants the trenchant hand of a Bowdler.

I hate the narrow censorious dogmatism of mere pietists. Men of learning are tolerant because they are faithful, and strive to understand what they are talking about, but the dogmatism of a dunce is not to be endured. "Mother reads and I 'spounds," said a snivelling youth, unable himself to read the Bible, in answer to his clergyman's inquiry, when the poor gentleman was perfectly "flabbergasted" by the pious opinionatedness of the not very-pleasing young man. He was quite a representative pietist, was that "'spounder." There are too many solemn-faced, cold-hearted, selfish dogmatists, whose acquaintance is with the mere English translation, and whose right to expound the same is quite as questionable. Granted that that translation is pretty fair on the whole, considering all things, yet still the Greek or

the Hebrew is of necessity rendered by English words derived from dissimilar roots, and the extremely delicate shades of meaning implied in the original are no more conveyed in the English, than the mobility of men's thoughts and emotions, as figured in the face, are interpreted in Mrs. Jarley's wax-work. A translation, therefore, can, at the best, present but a distorted image of that which the old writers intended to convey. It is true that a man, making allowance for these little matters, reads his English Bible, and it makes him a good-hearted fellow, for he perceives therein a divinity who is so truly divine, benignly meeting a humanity which is so thoroughly human; but when the mere reader of the English goes beyond this, and dogmatises upon the recondite meaning of this or that text, he is like a man demonstrating the subtle intricacies of the human anatomy from the distorted image of a person's face as reflected in the bowl of a bright silver spoon.

St. Thomas Aquinas was, perhaps, the greatest intellectual swell in the Church some 600 years ago, and I think he was a man of the right sort;—not because he reduced the doctrine of his own Church to a system, and presented in one work all that had

been written, conjectured, speculated upon, taught, said, thought, dreamed, supposed, surmised, or spoken by Fathers, councils, or schools; but he was one of the right sort, because, at the conclusion of his Augæo-Herculean labours, instead of growing "bumptious," and talking about the "inferior clergy" like a modern prebendary, he uttered this memorable sentiment, viz.: "That, after all, truth and simplicity of heart are the greatest of possessions, and love to mankind the most authentic note of religion."

Upon my return to Auckland I gradually wound up my affairs, disposing of the mill and my schooner. The latter I sold to a hapu of natives hailing from Kororarika—Bay of Islands. My boat I hauled up ashore, and having hired six men, at 2*s.* 6*d.* each, I had her carried to my friend Dr. Avon's house, he kindly allowing me to stow her away under his veranda, which being built on puriri blocks, and the floor being three and a half feet from the ground, made it a capital place to preserve the boat from both sun and rain.

I could not bear to sell Te Ngaru, although I had settled in my own mind to return to England; still I thought I might possibly become, in the course of a few years, sick and tired of the November fogs, all

the year round more or less, of the old country, and would like again, if ever I got back to Maoriland, to have another turn in my old boat.

So I left her, chocking her securely under the doctor's house, and stowing away in her the oars, masts, sails, and all her other gear.

Determining to see Sydney before leaving the Antipodes, I took my passage there in the brig *Moa*, having with me, besides my ordinary luggage and a case of curiosities, my two big chests with the gold. I also had a bill of exchange on a bank in London for £1000, and £50 in ready money.

We had a moderately good passage up to Sydney, sailing into Port Jackson the ninth day after seeing the last of Cape Maria, Van Diemen.

I was a month in Sydney and the neighbourhood, and in that short space of time jumped to the conclusion that it was a better place for an emigrant in which to make his home than New Zealand. That there was more money and more life in the place, and the surface of the country, too, was more readily available for sheep, cattle, or other farming. The land, indeed, was acre for acre worth more money, and the climate, barring the extreme heat now and again, during a "brickfielder"—I speak from hear-

say, none of these northerners blowing whilst I was there—was, I thought, equal to that of New Zealand.

Whilst in Sydney I sold to one of the banks a small portion of my gold for the sum of £500, which I received in sovereigns, and carried away in two small bags.

Hardly daring to venture upon the sale of a greater quantity, I determined upon taking the remainder to England.

Had it leaked out that I had brought so much gold from Auckland, a "rush" might have set in to that province, and possibly a detention of myself and an investigation, all of which would have been most unpleasant, if no worse, as many will allow and understand who have witnessed the fate of those who have been the cause of a "rush"; for I felt quite confident (as has since been proved) that no great finds of gold would take place within a radius of ten miles of the Golden Falls, though I am still very sure that under that particular spot of rock lies a fabulous amount of the precious metal.

Most diggers have a theory as to the first formation of the thing we call gold. I do not mean that every possessor of a "miner's right" has his separate

and particular notion, but that there are some dozen theories—guesses all—how in nature's great laboratory gold was, and perhaps is, made. I, like my mates (I have since been on other diggings than the Golden Falls) have a theory, but as my readers have been so kind and patient as to wade through the narrative of my life up to the year 1855, shall I bore them with a disquisition geological with which I might easily fill twenty written pages? Oh, no! Only one word, the cream of my experience; under the earth at Golden Falls lie lumps of gold as big as—as lumps of chalk.

The bearings of the place and full directions I have fairly written out. The manuscript is inclosed in a sealed packet, and bequeathed, in my will, to my next of kin.

It is no prophecy, though the world hereafter may take it as such. Gold will be rediscovered there—at Golden Falls, and perhaps in other places—in masses that will utterly upset the value of coined money.

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